

# THE ROUND TABLE.

A SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

### IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE.

THE story of the elections has been told, and it has had its effect. The Democratic party has made its last fight, and has been as thoroughly beaten as the French at Waterloo. All the sanguine predictions of the silly scribblers who told us that Mr. Hoffman's election was certain have been falsified. All the conceited pasquinades of the pert young men who act as scribes for the Copperhead press, and who ventured to take us to task for prophesying the exact event as it has fallen out, have ended in mortifying discomfiture, and are only to be remembered as monuments of inexperience and presumptuous folly. It may possibly happen that the lesson thus taught the silly scribblers who never see an inch beyond their noses and who, therefore, think that the state of New York will jump off a precipice because they know the Sixth ward is ready to do so, may not be altogether lost upon them; but, judging from their past history, this is perhaps too much to expect. It seems a manifest destiny that the Democratic party shall be utterly shattered, crushed, and humiliated; but such is the inherent vitality of some of its principles that it appears to be essential to its destruction that a large number of its members should exhibit to the end the most obstinate perversity, should assure its dissolution and dig its grave deeper by closing their eyes to dangers and shutting their ears to remedies until the final catastrophe.

The heavy Democratic majority in the city surprised people who had not narrowly scanned the subject or who were unfamiliar with the tactics which for some time previously had been employed. A sudden rise of ten thousand votes might well be ordinarily regarded as something staggering and anomalous. Some of the Democratic journals, with customary fatuity, have endeavored to augur hope from this striking gain for their party prospects. The augury is empty and unmeaning. Outraged liquor interests and southern refugees easily account for a reinforcement which was, after all, insufficient to affect the result. Moreover, the personal character of Mr. Hoffman and the outrageous assaults upon him by *The Herald* had an expectable effect in swelling his local vote. To the talk of election frauds—frauds of the Democrats in the city and frauds of the Republicans out of it—we pay little heed. If both cheated alike, which is the most probable hypothesis, the relative difference would have remained the same. The substantial inference which is to be drawn from the series of state elections, whereof that of New York is the final one, is clear and unequivocal. It is that the country does not and will not trust the Democratic party, and that it was bent upon administering a signal reproof to Mr. Johnson, who had played so cunning and yet so unlucky a game for its support. The result has been a complete rout of his party, horse, foot, and dragoons. An adverse majority is firmly seated in Congress which, as things stand, cannot for three years be shaken or modified. The only resource for the vanquished party will be to make things stand, if possible, some other way. This, with much alacrity and considerable address, some of its leaders have set themselves to accomplish.

A movement has been preconcerted whose initiatory steps have already been taken, the scheme of which, originating with *The Chicago Times* and echoed by *The Boston Post*, is evidently put forward under high auspices and may be expected to be advocated with eloquence and energy. The scheme consists in proposing for the South what is termed impartial suffrage, accompanied by a general amnesty, as a substitute for the obnoxious constitutional amendment. Impartial suffrage means, if we understand the sense attached to it by the proposers, that, while each state is to regulate the franchise for itself, imposing such tests as it pleases of age, sex, taxation, or intelligence, no test of color is to be allowable, or indeed

any other save of universal, i. e., impartial application. The general amnesty clause would have, of course, the effect of removing that disqualification for Congress, etc., which in its absence would exclude for ever from the national service so many southerners prominent in the war. It is argued that the pride of the South might be spared by this plan the acceptance of terms proposed by political enemies, and although the case seems very analogous to that of a man who swears he will never pay the debt you claim of fifty dollars, but that he will make you a present of a hundred instead, such devices, having birth in sentiment, not logic, have prospered before and may now. There are, besides, many considerations which recommend the project and give it a certain plausibility. Negro suffrage is inevitable, and a year or two sooner or later, it is reasoned, may make no great difference. But it will make all the difference in the world by whom the boon is conferred. Let it be given by their late masters themselves, it is thought, and a lasting title to their gratitude will be established, leading to a lasting political co-operation, out of which a strength North and South may be evolved sufficient to curb the Republican supremacy and ultimately to hurl it from power. This is all very plausible, but is it more than plausible? It may be so, but we imagine not.

The Democratic situation is almost exactly similar to that of the Confederates before the final campaign. They propose to make an ally of the negro, arming him with the ballot, just as the Confederates proposed to make him an ally, arming him with the bayonet. The Confederates were divided among themselves respecting the policy of so momentous a step. Some believed it might safely be taken, others that, once armed, the blacks would go over to the enemy. The latter class were strongest, and the experiment was never tried. In like manner will there, presumably, be a division in the Democratic camp as to arming the negro with the suffrage. Some will insist that he will prove a safe and dependable ally. Others that, once armed, he will range himself on the side of the Republicans. The result may be the same as before. The question is a delicate one and analogies are ticklish things; yet in this instance the parallel is so striking as to deserve to be trusted at least in a partial degree. It is certain that if the negroes are fit to have the vote they would not vote with the old pro-slavery party. The latter have, therefore, the opportunity, if they really believe in their own reiterated declarations, of conceding black suffrage in full confidence that it will be used in their own interest.

The agitation of the whole general topic of the suffrage, the fitness or unfitness of particular classes, and the discussion of the manner in which it acts upon the national government and the national prosperity, ought to do good. Our universal habit of assuming that the more extended a thing is the better it is may profitably be revised. There is certainly no good reason why ignorant people should vote in one part of the country when they are not permitted to do so in another; and there are, unquestionably, twenty thousand voting gorillas in the city of New York who are less fit for the privilege than is Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Her sex will scarcely be content to lag far behind ignorant negroes, however they may have endured to rank below ignorant Irishmen. Should the new Democratic programme—showing as it does how disinterested are its inventors in preferring principles to power—be considered by the South at all, it must be, we presume, in conventions to revise the state constitutions; and the deliberations of such bodies may have a salutary influence in stimulating the common sense and enlarging the views of both North and South. If the occasion could be availed of for reviewing our whole system of suffrage; for establishing, if possible, some uniform practice whereby a knowledge of reading and writing, the payment of a poll-tax, with, perhaps, certain other moral and educational tests, should be exigible as qualifying voters, an important good might arise from what now appears to be a threatening and troublesome dilemma.

We have little hope, meanwhile, that the Democratic organization is to be kept vigorous by its newly-discovered panacea of impartial suffrage. The men who would not arm the blacks to save their be-

loved Confederacy will scarcely enfranchise them to save a party. The doubt that paralyzed their action then will be no less puzzling now. Desperate situations require desperate remedies, but a *dernier resort* which may prove the equivalent of suicide is almost as bad as none at all. There are, besides, other resources for the South, other attitudes for her to assume than that of sullen, impassive non-compliance, which disappointed politicians declare to be her only one. A little more patience will probably develop something preferable either to this or to the new *Times-and-Post* panacea. So far as the Democrats are concerned, this new trick of their maneuvering leaders is more showy than sound, if for only one simple reason, namely, that their true policy is not to divide their own party but to split that of their opponents.

### WHY WE HAVE NO SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE has published an article in *The Galaxy* about *Saturday Reviews*, the precise object of which is not over clear, but in which two assumptions are sufficiently so to challenge reply. Mr. White assumes, if we understand him aright, that the American people have not brains enough to understand or care about weekly reviewing of the first-rate sort, and that writers are in no case well paid enough to furnish the writing for them, even were there any market for it. We beg to join issue with Mr. White on both counts of his indictment. Americans have quite enough head and quite enough culture to appreciate scholarly and brilliant writing when it is fairly set before them; and *THE ROUND TABLE* has paid quite enough money in the last two years for just such writing to command much more respectful consideration from educated and impartial judges than Mr. White seems inclined to accord it. It is very easy for people like Mr. White to say that this or that building, institution, or journal is not so good in this country as it is in England. The truth is very valuable as an occasional reminder, even if it is not discreetly to be spoken at all times. But, in a general way, however desirable it may be to rebuke national shortcomings, our literature requires encouragement rather than repression. And if it seems desirable to blame somebody, why not blame the public which has been tardy to sustain first-class weeklies rather than industrious, hardworking, and well-meaning persons who have done their utmost to fill a rather disgraceful void? Our reviews are not yet what the best London ones are, most certainly; we have acknowledged as much with all possible frankness within a few weeks past as respects *THE ROUND TABLE*. Neither are our churches like Westminster Abbey, our Italian opera like that of Paris or London, or even our Central Park, as regards trees and finished surroundings, like Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées. It is easy to ask why things in a new and half-formed country are not exactly and in all respects up to the mark of an old and mature one; and we might, perhaps, inquire, with no more impertinence than Mr. White has exhibited, why we have no Shakespearean scholars among us? We must take what we can get, with thankfulness that it is as good as it is, whether in the articles of Shakespearean scholars or *Saturday Reviews*, and be grateful that they are no worse. By-and-by, perhaps, we shall all improve together. It is certainly consoling to remember that, Heaven willing, we are all likely to grow. It is also instructive to recollect that kindly words, tender treatment, and a certain cordiality in the recognition of what is good, rather than a harsh acerbity in stigmatizing what is bad, are remarkably efficacious agencies for making journalistic enterprises, as well as Shakespearean scholars and other sublunary things, rise to a brighter and higher level. Literary men, of all others, should do their best to help forward *Saturday Reviews*, for they are, or should be, the very cradles of letters, and it is surely as important to their class as to any other that such publications should exist and succeed. As to the mere pecuniary question, we have paid, and continue to pay, more money, week by week, than has ever been paid for original matter by any similar journal on this side the water; and it is, perhaps, not presumptuous to expect a little credit for this as a rational preliminary to being abused for not doing very much more. What concerns us most,



after all, is that the public approves and supports our undertaking; and so long as they so satisfactorily answer, although in a way Mr. White does not seem to like, the question as to *Why we have no Saturday Reviews among us*, we ought, we suppose, to be satisfied, whatever may be said of us by individuals who may or may not be in the habit of allowing their wishes to father their thoughts.

#### DRUNKENNESS AMONG WOMEN.

A FEW months since an article appeared in our columns with the above heading, the object of which was to draw attention to the alarming increase of habits of intoxication among females, and thus to lead, if possible, to a reform. Perhaps no article has ever appeared in an American journal which has excited so much comment and animadversion. There certainly has never been one which has drawn down upon the journal in which it appeared so much unqualified abuse. The article has been copied in scores of papers in Europe, as well as in America. Every leading press in London has made it the peg for observations and comparisons. It has been translated in parts into French, German, and Italian, and, for aught we know, into Hindostanee and Kanaka. It has certainly been printed in English in Bombay and Honolulu, and we have no doubt that by this time it has been spelled over by long-tailed mandarins and small-eyed worshipers of the Grand Llama. Clergymen have made it the text for discourses, generally framed, however, with the view to rebuke the promulgator rather than the vice he censured; and politicians have seized it as an illustration to enliven their threadbare arguments and to contrast with their own somber asceticism. It is not too much to say that this single article has been the occasion of thousands of others in newspapers all over the world, besides being the instigator of innumerable sermons, speeches, and angry letters, to say nothing of oceans of talk in society.

We have watched this extraordinary agitation with a calm but not altogether an unmoved mind. We know the power of the press sufficiently well not to require for our own conviction even so remarkable a manifestation of it. The abuse which some journals have lavished upon us in this connection we have endured with equal equanimity. So far as the moral aspect of the question is concerned, it lies in a mere nutshell. If what we said was just and true, it ought to have been said; if it was unjust and false, it was sure to be refuted. This is not the point of view from which some of our cotemporaries would regard it. They would have THE ROUND TABLE punished whether its allegations were true or not; punished not because those allegations were false, but because they were made at all. That is to say, they hate THE ROUND TABLE more than they hate untruth, and this for the demonstrable reason that that paper has been in the habit of telling more truth than they liked to hear. If it could be shown, therefore, that we had made some assertions which, besides being extremely unpopular, were also too sweeping and unqualified in their treatment of a momentous social question, a damaging case might be made up as against our general character for fair-dealing, candor, and responsibility. If the ladies could be persuaded that we had been guilty of a wholesale slander, reflecting in the most cruel and gratuitous manner upon the habits or morals of their sex, and including even the most respectable classes, an injury might be inflicted of a serious if not a permanent nature upon our influence and circulation.

It is this which some of our amiable cotemporaries have endeavored to do. To their disgrace, they have labored to damage the credit of a publication which has labored earnestly and manfully to fill a niche which every educated person in the country knows ought to be filled, and whose emptiness has actually constituted a national stigma—a publication which, owned by Americans and edited by Americans, has paid more money to American writers during its existence than any of similar character ever established. They have labored to discredit us upon a spurious issue—an issue which in their hearts they knew to be an unfair and ungenerous one as urged against the status and motives of THE ROUND TABLE—and for no better reason than that they disliked the independent and salient character of that paper, and so were disposed

to do all they could to prevent its success. This attempt has not been made alone by certain of the Pharisaical and rubbishy country journals—it has been essayed by some of the metropolitan ones as well; and, as we see no good reason for being inexplicit, we will name two of their number in *The New York Times* and *Evening Post*, which, we may add, have injured themselves much more than THE ROUND TABLE by their illiberal and invidious attempts. We know very well that we have not to accuse the chief editors of those papers of a share in this petty business; but it would be well if their personal supervision extended to preventing subordinates from indulging in practices which lower the standing of their journals, and which have earned for them of late a large measure of contempt from writers of high repute on both sides of the Atlantic.

With this digression, we have somewhat to say about the article styled *Drunkenness Among Women*, premising that we are entirely aware and ready to acknowledge that many well-meaning people who are incapable of any mean motive have disapproved of that article, questioning its facts and denying its inferences. The distinction as to animus we are in the best possible position to draw; and if this latter statement is called in question by those interested, we are ready at any time to substantiate it. So far as the papers we have stigmatized are concerned, to save misconception, we beg to state that, setting private motives entirely aside, it is their DUTY—not as a matter of kindness or good-feeling or favoritism, but strictly and rigidly as a DUTY—to the public and to the cause of literature in the United States to uphold, to sustain, and in every way possible to conduce to the success of papers having aims such as those of THE ROUND TABLE. Individually we ask of them no favors, they being in a business sense patronized by us and not we by them. But from a national and social point of view their proper course is plain and unmistakable; and we trust that they will dare to do right at the expense of being inconsistent, and conduct themselves more generously for the future.

If they do not so dare, we do. We admit, just here, fully and frankly that the article called *Drunkenness Among Women* was too sweeping, too unqualified, and, considering the gravity of its imputations, not sufficiently guarded against wholesale conclusions and misconstructions. It was, however, prepared conscientiously, every word of it. The article was not written by either of the then or present editors. It was the production of a contributor for whose writings we were and are glad to make room, a gentleman whose experience and observation are sufficient to justify confidence in his views. The ones which he expressed regarding *Drunkenness Among Women* we accepted as those of a disinterested moralist whose sole motive was that of checking the gross evils which he denounced, and of a journalist not without appreciation of the nature of his responsibilities. When it became apparent that the article had excited and was likely to continue to excite a vast deal of feeling, of censure, and of controversy, we discussed with him the propriety of backing up his statements with names, facts, and figures, and we have been collecting such data through various channels for some time past—not necessarily for publication, since this would involve an infliction of shame and misery upon hundreds of innocent parties, and because of other manifest objections; but in order that we might be satisfied in our own consciences as to how far we had a right to go, and in order to place ourselves in a position of self-defense with the public should occasion arise for it. That we did not do this in the first instance as a preliminary to publishing the article at all, may of course be plausibly urged against us. But it is not unusual with us to trust to the sagacity and good faith of our friends, and we must say that, while acknowledging that the article under review went too far, inasmuch as it was deducible from it that a habit was general, the fact being simply that instances of it were shockingly numerous, we yet find its particular citations to have been more than justified by the facts and that it is our profound conviction that the article has done a great deal of good.

By careful inquiry and investigation we are now satisfied that it would be possible to print the names of a greater number of respectable females—women,

that is, of reputable families—than would fill the space occupied by this article, who, within the last five years in the city of New York, have fallen victims to drink. The Belmont Retreat, which is advertised so extensively and was opened in 1864, is only one of a large number of private asylums where women are received who are the victims of dipsomania. There are cases, easily pointed out, in this city where females are habitually subjected to physical coercion by their families, who feel unwilling to send them to asylums. Much of this unhappy state of things has been brought about by the war. The nervous excitement incident to parting with fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers, the horrid anxiety as to their fate during the protracted campaigns, sometimes the freedom from restraint produced by their absence, all have combined to lead women astray in this wise who, under normal circumstances, would never even have felt temptation.

It is as bad, we are told, out of New York as in it. From a Massachusetts official report we gather that in the single year 1864 ninety-three men and forty-four women killed themselves by too much strong drink. Considering the ratio which is never made public in such cases we may draw an ominous inference. Western papers teem with notices of females of "good family and otherwise of good character" who are constantly reduced to the depths of degradation through this fatal snare, and this alone. In England the evil is spreading as well as here. *The London Review* of Oct. 13th ult., in an article commenting upon our own, gives some interesting details, which we copy elsewhere, in which it arrives at the conclusion, with Dr. Forbes Winslow, that dipsomania must be treated as a disease. The truth is that with the increased intellectual activity, the severer mental competition, the more arduous nervous taxation of our modern lives, either the necessity or the supposed necessity for stimulants has so far increased as to have become a very alarming feature of our social life; and these influences are by no means confined to the sterner sex, but extend to women as well. It is our belief that it will continue so to increase until more efficient means than any now employed shall be devised to combat it. Women drink whisky freely in America to-day who five years ago could not have been induced to moisten their lips with it. There may be better explanations of the phenomena than any we have yet offered, but there can be none which can explain away the fact.

So far as we may have given circulation to an erroneous impression as to the universal diffusion of habits of drunkenness among women, we repeat that we frankly and sincerely regret it; and this even although an over-shooting of the mark may not have been without obvious advantages. But we must also beg to be distinctly understood when we say that the more we have looked into the subject, the more accurate and well-founded the particular averments of our obnoxious article have appeared. It is a striking feature of our country and our time that thousands of people in them will positively insist that a particular statement is false for no better reason than that they dislike to believe it to be true. Such has been pre-eminently the case in this instance. It is ungallant or disagreeable or unpatriotic to think ill of American women, and, therefore, whoever gives occasion to such thoughts must needs be a base varlet and a lying knave. A position like this may be magnanimous, but it does no good to the cause of public morals. It may be very fine, but it is not philosophy. And when we happen to know of cases wherein gentlemen have been extremely loud in denouncing THE ROUND TABLE about this matter, both in print and in society, who could yet in their own family circle find incontestable evidence of the truthfulness of our positions, we are not entirely disposed to possess our souls with patience.

We give place in admiration for the beauty and virtue of our countrywomen to no men, and we believe they will compare favorably with any in the world. It is surely no proof of aversion or lack of appreciation that we run the risk of their displeasure for the hope of curing their faults. But we should hold ourselves unworthy of the office we have assumed were we not ready, on all occasions, to speak the truth as we see it, and to take the consequences. Our policy



was, is, and will continue to be, a gymnastic rather than a dogmatic one; and we shall be ill understood in this article if we have not conveyed the idea that we aim in it, as we hope to aim always, at truth rather than at victory.

#### FOREIGN QUACKS.

TO have a language in common with another great nation affords many advantages. It is convenient, in the absence of an international copyright law, to appropriate at our own pleasure the brains of our cousins over the water. It is satisfactory to be supplied with critical opinions, cut and dried, on all manner of subjects, and brought to our doors by each steamer, to save us the trouble of thinking out the great problems of life for ourselves. It is agreeable for such among us as have had no leisure to acquire any but our mother tongue to reflect that, when time and dollars will allow, we can cross the seas and roam about among thirty millions of human studies without the least difficulty as to putting ourselves in ready communication with them. And there are other advantages about a common language which very readily commend themselves to any candid or inquiring mind. But there is, alas! another side to the picture. Like almost everything else in life, even in this blessing of facility of speech, prospering commerce and enlarging the field of literary possessions as it does, we find certain drawbacks which actually make us pause at times to consider whether, after all, it would not be better, at least for ourselves, if there were not a common language as between America and England at all.

One of the most prominent of these drawbacks is the encouragement which is thus afforded for innumerable varieties of humbug. We are overrun here in the United States by British adventurers of every sort and kind. It is quite impossible for people to be for ever on their guard against these pretenders, even were it possible for average men to be so far educated in a great number of specialties as to be able to detect imposition upon simple contact with it. The impostors of every-day life, the *chevaliers d'industrie*, who seek to pass for men of family, men of wealth, men of note in commercial matters, and so on, are usually, not always, detected pretty early in their career, and forced to shift their locality in order to follow their trade with tolerable success. Sometimes, by dint of extra cleverness, or through other favoring circumstances, they succeed in doing a great deal of mischief; but, generally speaking, distrust follows their steps and shackles their budding enterprise. But in the professions this is by no means the case; and the proof is, that there are, for example, hundreds of British quacks, men without learning or training, who have no diplomas to show save forged ones, and who could no more practice even in an English country village than they could jump over the moon, but who are constantly amassing fortunes in our large cities at the expense of the ignorance, the credulity, and the health of those who employ them.

This abuse has gone a great deal too far. The wretched quacks who are enriching themselves in this illicit manner deserve to be checked in their career in the most summary manner. Every few days some case of outrageous malpractice is recorded in the newspapers, which causes a thrill of horror or a sigh of sympathetic pain, but which less frequently excites that feeling of indignation against the foreign quacks, who in nine cases out of ten are the guilty parties, which ought properly to be evoked. American practitioners are seldom implicated in these horrible crimes, for the reason, if for no better one, that detection is so much more likely with them than with foreigners if they offer to practice without proper education or diplomas. But the numbers who are broken in constitution or sent to miserable graves, in private, through medical pretenders of foreign birth, must be almost incalculable. One has only to run the eye over a list of medical names to be found in New York city alone, to form an estimate as to the number of aliens included among them. It is certainly not very easy to see how a remedy can be applied which might not possibly damage a philanthropist more than the charlatans he sought to expose. Still, very close scrutiny, especially on the part of

heads of families, respecting the characters and attainments of the men they call in, can do no possible harm; and a bold publication of the name and residence of every pseudo-physician practicing in the city without properly-attested testimonials, would assuredly do a great deal of good. A few more such complaints and misdeeds as we have recently become cognizant of may quite possibly induce us to assume this risk. Its advantage to the public would be so great that they would surely sustain us in the undertaking. The best remedy, however, is a legislative one. Could we get a law passed at Albany whose provisions were such that every foreigner practicing on the lives and health of American citizens, without having in his possession proofs strong as holy writ of medical education, standing, and adequate achievement in the land of his nativity, should be sent forthwith to the penitentiary, we should hear of few cases of malpractice, and the public health would assuredly improve in a magical degree.

#### ABORTIVE ASTROLOGY.

AFTER the third of the nights on which the prophesied meteors failed to appear, Professors Newton and Loomis were among the most universally unpopular men in the country. It was not only that a community which had known what it was to have and to be rid of a De Sautey resented the idea of having him replaced by a pair of professors who together were presumably capable of drawing upon at least double his resources of scientific prophesy; but the sleepy people, with colds in their heads, who had passed three November nights with their noses flattened against window-panes, were in much the temper of an audience which finds that it has been inveigled into an entertainment where there is no effort to fulfill the programme, and they had additional cause for annoyance in being debarred from the satisfaction usual in such cases—demanding the return of their money. Besides, the scientific people and the prophesy students, the telegraphers and correspondents, and the old gentlemen who write letters to the newspapers, had all anticipated an unusually favorable occasion for indulgence in wild excesses of the kind of dissipation they severally affect; and the printers had looked forward to handsome profits from the controversial pamphlets which would naturally ensue. Altogether, the community had reason to feel itself aggrieved; and its resentment was not in the least assuaged by the fall, instead of the crowded heavenly of meteors expected, of a few straggling stars, which compared disadvantageously with the display of rockets in the smallest country village on any Fourth of July. The appearance of Professor Loomis's letter at this juncture had anything but a soothing effect. In the first place, they did not want a postponement for a year, in a Millerite sort of manner, especially as that possibility had been suggested in advance in a Philadelphia paper and promptly discredited in consequence of its source. Nor was it in the least consoling to learn that the antipodes had possibly been benefited by a display of which we had been defrauded. Moreover, they regarded it highly presumptuous in a man who had so conspicuously been convicted of ignorance about the meteors, to persist in forcing his erudition upon them, and instructing them not only on their position in the universe, their manners and customs, and their material composition, but even on the manner of their ignition—when it was notorious that they had just failed signally to ignite at all. In short, the public had heard all it cared to from Professor Loomis, and it considered that it would have been in much better taste for him to have reserved his elucidation—which seemed carefully prepared to be let off as an impromptu, as the newspapers do their obituary notices—until the event should transpire which was to have warranted it. Its appearance in the present turn of events was like *The London Times* publishing an account of the reception in England and a biographical notice of Rufus Choate, when the steamer whose arrival was the signal for the printing of the article had landed his body on this side the Atlantic.

Perhaps the non-appearance of the meteors need not, after all, be a matter of regret. It is reasonably certain that, had they come, they would have been attended by all kinds of printed inflictions from people who would have seized on them in order that, by their instrumentality, themselves and their learning might be drawn into unwonted publicity; and while the meteors would by this time have disappeared, we should have suffered from these people and their writings for weeks to come. Especially would the indefatigable modern prophets have luxuriated in the opening afforded them: they would have rung all the possible changes upon Louis Napoleon

and Anti-Christ and the Pope and the Scarlet Woman and the Beasts and all the rest of it. But beside our escape from these inflictions there are a half a dozen ways in which the absence of the stars may be made quite as suggestive and profitable as their presence could have been. Most notable among these is their irrefutable demonstration of the practical inutility of the extremely mathematical people. The disregard shown by the stars for Professors Newton and Loomis was quite as pronounced as the refusal of Baal to perform in behalf of his priests against Elijah; and there is no reason why the discredited profession should fare more easily in the later instance than in the earlier. The occupation of these gentlemen, it is well known, is to embitter the lives of Yale students by expounding to them things they don't want to know and which it can be of no possible benefit to have studied, even if they ever form an idea of what they all mean, which we believe no one has ever been known to do. Of course the professors have every right to prosecute whatever studies may be to their taste, just as men may spend their time upon the perpetual motion, or the philosopher's stone, or the perfection of ballooning, or any other unprofitable pursuit; but it is totally unjustifiable in them to force upon well-disposed young men things at which the human mind revolts, things which it is impossible to comprehend, and which they hasten to forget as soon as examinations are passed, just as they would bad dreams. It is narrated that Professor Loomis's classes are in the habit of seeking escape by jumping from the windows of his lecture room when his back is turned, and that in Professor Newton's recitations, which are held on the second floor, students only sustain themselves by the aid of books laid open behind the benches, by inscriptions on their wristbands, and by other devices known in the Yale dialect as skinning. It is idle to point out how pernicious must be the permanent effects of studies which conduce to such practices, and in which no one has ever pretended to discover counter-balancing advantages. To persist in forcing college students to go through these traditional mathematical tortures is as creditable to the intelligence of the faculties as if they were to enact that all students should wear swallow-tailed coats and drive bob-tailed horses. If two of the most inordinately scientific people in the country—professors "chock full o' science," as Captain Cuttle would phrase it—who have devoted their two lifetimes to mathematical studies, fail so lamentably to locate a meteoric shower, for which in the first instance they allowed a margin of twenty-four hours on either hand, that they are obliged to transfer it either to Asia, or, failing that, to a point in space which (they calculate) we shall reach a year hence—then it seems hardly probable that the amount of benefit the pupils of these gentlemen may derive from the five hundred or so recitations made to them will compensate for the unhappiness they are thereby made to endure.

The scientific people will no doubt grieve over the absent stars much as Miss Betsey Trotwood was disappointed by David Copperfield's sister Betsey, who never was born; but if the college faculties have the good sense to recognize and adopt the truth which comes instead of them, neither they nor the community will have cause to lament, any more than eventually did Miss Trotwood, the substitution for what they had anticipated of something unlooked for and at first sight disagreeable.

#### CRITICISMS WRITTEN FOR THE ROUND TABLE BY G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.

[AUTHOR OF "THE DEAN'S ENGLISH," ETC.]

No. V.

THE HON. GEORGE P. MARSH.

CONDENSATION is one of the last lessons that a young writer learns. He is afraid to be simple, and has no faith in beauty which is unadorned; hence he crowds his sentences with superlatives, and never uses a noun without accompanying it with an adjective. In his estimation, turgidity passes for eloquence, and simplicity is but another name for that which is weak and unmeaning. But there is an error which is the very opposite of diffuseness, and which is equally to be avoided. It consists in such an injudicious compression of our language that the meaning becomes distorted. I will illustrate this by the following passage from Mr. Marsh's *Notes*. He says: "Not only every author known to fame, but hundreds whose names have scarcely survived themselves, have been, or will be, carefully read, and every first occurrence, every happy use, every forcible example of each word, accepted for introductions into the dictionary." The errors in this sentence are obvious. "All" is both singular and plural; but "every" is singular only; and we cannot allow that it is proper to use a singular nominative before a verb in the plural. Neither for the sake



of brevity, nor on any other consideration, can it be permitted. We may say "all authors known to fame have been;" but we cannot say "every author known to fame have been." Equally true is it that we cannot say, "every first occurrence, every happy use, every forcible example [have been or will be] accepted." A verb must agree with its nominative; and if we use various nominatives in a sentence having only one verb, all the nominatives must be in the same number. Mr. Marsh's sentence is singularly faulty. What are we to understand by "every first occurrence. . . of each word"? How can there be more than one first occurrence of each word?

There is, in Booth's *Principles of English Grammar*, an excellent rule respecting the proper use of "shall" and "will." It is as follows: "If the speaker is the nominative to the verb, and also determines its accomplishment; or, if he is neither the nominative to the verb nor determines its accomplishment,—the proper auxiliary is 'will'; in every other case it is 'shall'." Let the reader follow me in illustrating this rule, and its value will soon be apparent to him. I will take the old story of the man who fell into the water and exclaimed, "I will be drowned, and no body shall save me." In the phrase "I will be drowned," the speaker is the nominative to the verb, but he did not mean to determine its accomplishment; he had no intention of being drowned; hence the impropriety of his using "will." In the phrase "nobody shall save me," the speaker was not the nominative to the verb, neither did he intend to determine its accomplishment; therefore he could not with propriety use "shall." He should have said, "I shall be drowned, and nobody will save me;" because, in the first clause, the speaker is the nominative to the verb, but does not determine its accomplishment; hence the propriety of using "shall;" and, in the last clause, he is neither the nominative to the verb, nor does he determine its accomplishment; hence the propriety of using "will." "Shall" is the Saxon "*scellan*," to *owe*, or to be *obliged*; it therefore applies to any prediction of a *compulsory* kind. Colloquially, it is used for "may;" but although this application of it is tolerated in conversation, it cannot be recommended for serious writing. Mr. Marsh, in speaking of the English lexicon now in process of compilation by the London Philological Society, says: "But though we have thus held ourselves aloof from this great enterprise, the orthography which shall be adopted by the editors of this lexicon will, probably, be universally accepted on our side of the Atlantic as well as on the other."

There are some words which, describing a condition that is unalterable, do not admit of comparison. One of these is "*universal*," yet what is more common than to read of a practice which is said to be "*so universal*?" Another of these words is "*perfect*," yet writers are continually speaking of "*a more perfect*" state of things. What is meant, we can only guess. "*Complete*" is another word of this class. The idea it conveys is that of a state of fullness, having no deficiency, entire. What, then, does Mr. Marsh wish us to understand by "*completest*," "*our completest dictionaries*," "*greater completeness*?" How can anything be *completer* than that which is *complete*? How can there be a *better* than the *best*, or a *greater* than the *greatest*? One dictionary may be more copious, or be more comprehensive than another; but it cannot be more *complete*, for completeness is a fixed state, one not admitting of increase. I am aware that the Most High has been spoken of as the Most Highest; and the solecism has been pardoned in consideration of the intensity of the religious feeling in which it had its origin. I am aware, also, that Milton has spoken of a depth which is "*lower*" than the "*lowest*." But, whatever license may be allowed to a great poet, such an expression in simple prose is sheer nonsense.

There is a nice distinction to be observed between the meaning of the words "*so*" and "*as*" when used in connection with such superlative words as those of which I have been speaking. We may say of two things, each of which is perfect, "one is *as perfect* as the other;" but if we wish to speak in a negative form and to state of two things, that one is perfect and the other is not perfect, however near it may be to perfection, we cannot say "one is not *so perfect* as the other;" and the reason why it cannot be said is, that the expression implies the existence of degrees of perfection, or, in other words, that a thing can be perfect and not perfect at the same time. "*So perfect*," "*so supreme*," "*so universal*," are all wrong; a thing cannot be partly supreme or partly universal. A whole contains its parts; but a part cannot contain the whole, and therefore ought not to be spoken of by a term which is applicable only to the whole. It will be seen, then, that "*so*" and "*as*" are not interchangeable. The general rule respecting their use is this: "*As*" alludes to likeness between the things spoken of, while "*so*" refers to the com-

parison of extent or of degree. Booth says it is in the misapplication of this English idiom that the natives of Scotland are so apt to err. "I will answer his letter *so soon* as I receive it," should be written "*as soon as*," because the point of time is the same. "He is not *as rich* as he was," should be "*so rich as*," because the states are unequal. "He ran *as fast* as I did," is equality. "He ran *so fast* that I could not overtake him," is superiority. As great, as much, as high, is a *bulk*, a *quantity*, or a *height* exactly equal to something to which the "*as*" relates; but *so great*, *so much*, *so high*, is a certain degree of *bulk*, of *quantity*, or of *height*, which requires to be ascertained by a comparison of *less* or of *more*. Mr. Marsh says: "In a lexicon of a dead language the vocabulary of the recorded literature may be absolutely complete *so far* as the specification of the words which composed it is concerned." From the foregoing remarks, the reader will at once perceive that Mr. Marsh ought to have said, "*as far* as the specification of the words is concerned."

Nothing in connection with Mr. Marsh's *Notes* so much surprises me as his misuse of words. Here is another instance. He speaks of "a scientific vocabulary of not *less* than 300,000 words." Is it really necessary to remind Mr. Marsh that "*less*" refers to quantity in *bulk*, and that "*fewer*" is the proper word to use when speaking of *numbers*?

LONDON, Oct. 12, 1866.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 3, 1866.

THERE is nothing talked of in our papers just now but Mr. Bright's daring proposal for buying up the estates of Irish absentee landlords and promoting the purchase of farms by tenant farmers. The British land-owning interest have naturally taken alarm; for who can say how long it may be before some more advanced Brightite will propose to apply the same doctrines to the great estates on this side of the Channel. Aristocratic organs, to whom supply and demand was but lately an uncouth and barbarous term associated in their minds only with Manchester and Cobdenism, are now become staunch political economists, and call upon their countrymen to denounce this flagrant violation of the laws of political science. But the fact is that these converts are behind the time. Great changes have been wrought in the minds of political economists since the days when Malthus and Ricardo were wont to treat the English land system as one of the immutable laws of nature. Since Mr. Thornton published his *Plea for Peasant Proprietors*, nearly twenty years ago, the old notion of the absolute necessity for the present system of rich land-owners, dependent farmers, and pauper laborers has undergone considerable modification. It has been discovered that a good deal may be said after all for the continental system of division of land; and no writer has shown this more clearly than Mr. Mill, in his great work on political economy. The late Mr. McCulloch, who held a lucrative post under government, and spent his lifetime in making the principles of political economy palatable to his aristocratic friends, used to be very warm in denouncing the French system, which, as your readers know, is one of compulsory and equal division after death among children or other heirs. He foretold the time when all France would come to be divided into patches no bigger than the chequers of a draught-board; but, unfortunately for him, facts do not bear out his theories. Nearly eighty years have elapsed since the great Revolution, and the number of landed properties, building plots excepted, is shown by undeniable statistics not to have increased in any appreciable degree. The plea is, of course, that agriculture must go to ruin where farms are so small that they cannot be cultivated economically; but thinkers of Mr. McCulloch's class forgot to tell us why the heirs of a deceased proprietor should destroy their own property in this fashion. If any man had left a painting by Raphael to be divided among his children, Mr. McCulloch would have perceived very clearly that the inheritors would not have taken a knife and divided it into equal portions. The size of properties and the size of farms are not the same thing; but it is undeniable that the average size of farms is very much less in France than in England. The French, however, notwithstanding the dismal prophecies of our aristocratic writers, are well satisfied, and all the military power which the Emperor Napoleon wielded would not suffice to force the boasted English system upon

his people. Say what they will, the French peasantry are a far happier and more contented race than ours. No one who has ever lived in a little country town or village in France can doubt it. Their industry and frugality are famous throughout the world. Read that touching account of it in the introduction to Michelet's *People*. The "magic of property," as Arthur Young said, traveling in France in 1787, "turns everything to gold." The feeling of security in their holdings, the direct interest in their labor, the certainty of enjoying all its fruits, suffices to convert barren rocks into fertile patches of vine and olive. Political economy has begun to take note of these facts, and the English feudal system having notoriously failed in Ireland, Mr. Bright would be glad to see some attempt to establish that other system which has been found to work so well among a race having so great an affinity to the Irish. This is the ground of the outcry against him. "What will his friend, Mr. Mill, say to this?" ask the new zealots in political economy. Simple folk! If they had only made themselves acquainted with that great writer's chapters on landed property, or with his long letter on large and small farms printed in the appendix to his *Principles of Political Economy*, they would have no difficulty in guessing what he would say.

Why is it that our most successful novelists always fail if they attempt to write a play for the stage? I have said before that we can never have a race of original dramatic writers until we have a dramatic copyright convention which shall be effective and not a mere sham like the present one. For while our theaters, which are practically monopolies, are able to fill their seats by merely hashing up French dramas and farces, it is not to be expected that native literary talent will turn to this field. Mr. Boucicault is the only man who has ever made large sums by writing plays on this side of the English Channel. I remember him years ago, before he went to America, and when he was engaged by Mr. Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theater, at a salary of fifteen guineas per week, as dramatic furbisher *en permanence* to that establishment. His duties were to keep his eye upon the great French dramatic preserves and bag anything that seemed worth powder and shot. The Paris theatrical journals and the latest issues of Michel Lévy came regularly to the theater in Oxford Street, and many were the journeys to and fro of the representative of the Kean between this and the French capital to be present at the first night of a likely drama. Mr. Boucicault, however, soon found that it was a better thing to set up in this way on his own account. To do him justice, he writes plays, and does not merely translate and adapt them; or if he takes a plot, he takes it from some popular story or other source in a way which seems to have been permitted to dramatists from all time. His crowning glory has been the turning of the tables on the French dramatists, and inducing Parisian managers, to the bewilderment of the dramatic *feuilletonists*, to translate and perform an English author's piece. Mr. Boucicault is said to have made £15,000 out of *Arrah-na-Pogue*—a sufficient prize, at all events, to attract men of letters to play-writing. But Mr. Boucicault is not only a play-writer; he is a man of business, and knows how to bring his wares to the best market. Mr. Tom Taylor's *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, a translation—I beg his pardon, an adaptation from the French (but that is no matter, as he made it his property)—was sold by him to our Olympic Theater for £300. It had a longer run than *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and brought more money to the management. Mr. Boucicault will have a share of profits, for he is actor and manager too. That is the great difference. We have here a Dramatic Authors' Society—a sort of trades union for equalizing the competent and the incompetent, and depriving every man of the most powerful motives for being cleverer than his neighbor. This society grants the right to theaters throughout the country to perform all the productions, original and purloined, of its members for a certain fixed sum per annum, and, after absorbing a good proportion in expenses, it divides the gains equally, at the rate of so much per act, to each writer who can be induced to join the society. These people include nearly every play and farce writer in this country; but Mr. Boucicault declined to join, and is regarded by his brethren as a black sheep. It is wonderful that fifty more, at least, of the best men do not turn out and try their fortune on their own account. While they do not, and while the legislature still leaves the French author unprotected here, it is no wonder that we have but one really successful playwright among us. I recollect that when the dramatic copyright convention between France and this country was first concluded, your friend, Mr. Charles Reade, being one of those who believed in it, conceived the ingenious idea of making himself a sort of dramatic middleman and getting the most successful French dramatists to grant him the monopoly of cooking their most



successful combinations of adultery and suicide. But the scheme broke down. The managers pillaged in defiance of the convention, and judges and juries decided—as they always will decide till the law is made more stringent—that a playwright who steals a scene in the "Champs Elysées" and plants it in "Kensington Gardens" makes it his own property for ever. Mr. Reade revenged himself after his own fashion by writing a pamphlet in which his gentlemanly forbearance, charity, moderation, and good taste heaped coals of fire upon the heads of his enemies. But the managers are men of business, and will not buy while they can steal.

All this has been suggested to me by the second failure of Mr. Wilkie Collins as a dramatic writer. His *Frozen Deep*, produced the other night at the Olympic Theater, was only saved from absolute damnation by good acting and very picturesque and effective scenery. Its fault was the unpardonable one of an ill-constructed plot. This piece was originally written for private performance at Mr. Dickens's house in Tavistock Square, where it was performed in 1857, Mr. Dickens, his son and daughters, Mr. Collins, and a number of authors and artists being the actors. This was for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold. Your readers remember how the thirsty wayfarer, charitably entertained by the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield, always praised her gooseberry wine. Friendly tasters and audiences of this kind are not generally disposed to find fault, and the *Frozen Deep* was an amateur success. The *Red Vial*, which Mr. Collins wrote expressly for the Olympic, however, was a complete failure, notwithstanding Mr. Dickens's assistance in pruning and patching where the hisses of the first night furnished hints for improvement. It was, in fact, of no use improving. There was an old gentleman in the second act dying in bed, and, except in Othello, audiences for some mysterious reason will not endure a bed on the stage, which is the reason why gentlemen and ladies generally drop dead on the boards, or at least expire on hard couches. This old gentleman, who, like his majesty King Charles the Second, was "an unconscionable time dying," could not, unfortunately, be got rid of, nor could he well be disengaged from the objectionable upholstery; so the piece was withdrawn and forgotten, and no more was heard of Mr. Wilkie Collins as a dramatic writer until the same house determined last Saturday to try his much-admired-in-private *Frozen Deep*. And yet Mr. Collins (no critics with the late Edgar Poe's dissecting power being extant among us) has a reputation for skillful construction of a story. All this may seem to contradict my theory of the possibility of good dramatic writers arising among us as soon as our popular writers are furnished with an inducement to try this kind of literary art. But Mr. Collins's efforts are merely desultory. He has never really turned his attention to the stage. In many of the essentials of success the poorest hack playwright, the dullest country manager, is wiser than he. I do not speak of such crude attempts. I look forward to the time when there shall be an inducement to English authors to follow the dramatic art systematically and persistently.

Gustave Doré, the many-sided, indefatigable, has just done for Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., of Ludgate Hill, the publishers of the authorized translation of Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer*, a large drawing representing the fisherman Gilliatt struggling in the cavern with the terrible devil-fish, a scene which will be remembered by all readers of that story. It is a failure. The view beyond the entrance to the cavern, the huge, weather-beaten wreck suspended upon the rocks, shadowy and shapeless, the broken clouds beyond with the clear, cool sky showing among them after the long and terrible tempest, are effective; but the central figure, the sailor struggling with the octopod, is paltry and realistic. The staring eyes of the monster are depicted in true pantomime property fashion; his long tentacles with their suckers at regular distances, all made distinctly perceptible, are drawn in what I would call the young boarding-school lady's style of art. There is nothing in it vague or mystic, in the spirit of the scene—nothing left to the imagination—nothing unrealized in its most obvious details. In short, there is in the picture no depth. I am told Doré is doing another scene from the same story representing Gilliatt constructing the breakwater in the midst of the storm, which will perhaps suit his genius better. It might have been expected that nothing would draw out Doré's peculiar powers more favorably than Victor Hugo's wild philosophical romance; but the genius of this extraordinary artist seems to be damped where another imagination furnishes him with the complete details of his subject. He revels in the vague, the suggestive, the grandiose, but he likes to create for himself. To tell the truth, however, his powers are overtaken. Every publisher in Paris and London is besieging him to do work; and he seems to have "stomach for them all."

It is not often that the world sees such a combination of the genius and the quack. Yet he is said to care little for money, handing over to his venerated mother—who exercises an odd sort of parental control over her son, now nearly thirty years of age—the management of his pecuniary affairs. It is a pity that this strong-minded lady could not have saved her son from the degradation of illustrating the trash of which Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper is able to sell numberless editions among the semi-religious world. A Frenchman is not, of course, expected to know that Mr. Tupper has long been the butt of the critics here, who make of him a standing jest, as Pope and Swift and the Scriblerus Club of Sir Richard Blackmore; but there is actually a French translation of the *Proverbial Philosophy*. Was there no friend of the artist, I wonder, to dip into it and give him a hint?

Artemus Ward has covered the walls of London streets with the announcement, with which I suppose your readers are familiar, "Artemus Ward will speak a piece at the Egyptian Hall" (I forget the exact orthography). If truth must be told, his contributions to *Punch* have not been a success. He has brought to that once powerful but now decrepit publication little but a name. Bad spelling has nearly had its day here. The immortal Mrs. Brown still continues her cacographical narratives and reflections in the pages of *Fun* and is deservedly popular. Her creator, Mr. Arthur Sketchley, popular lecturer and dramatist—otherwise Mr. Arthur Rose, once curate of St. John's church, Hoxton—is about to make himself better known across the Atlantic. We have also in the *Morning Star* a Mr. Whiteing, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "The Costermonger," and makes bad spelling amusing. But, as I have said, orthography is manifestly about to reassert its sway.

The annual deluge of new books is now upon us. Most of those which possess any interest for American readers will already have been announced by your publishers. There are, as usual, a large number of new illustrated books to come out between this and Christmas. Mr. Murray (who has, by the way, an incorrigible habit of announcing books year after year which do not appear) is going, I believe, *bonâ fide* to publish the correspondence of King George the Third with his minister Lord North between 1769 and 1782, an interesting period for American readers. Much of it is remarkably free and confidential. There were some specimens published, I think, in Lord Brougham's lives of the statesmen of King George the Third's reign. Mr. Heneage Jesse, by the way, has just published a life and times of that monarch in three thick volumes, in which many an apocryphal story will be found worked in to lighten the narrative. We are promised the conclusion of the *History of the United Netherlands from the death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609*. Mr. Guizot is about to put down Bishop Colenso, the author of *Ecce Homo*, and the writers of *Essays and Reviews* not in his old fashion of gensdarmes and fines, but by remarks on the actual state of Christianity written by himself in English. Mr. Du Chailu is coming out with further explorations in Central Africa. His work is entitled *A Journey to Ashango Land*. Carew Hazlitt is about to publish the life and correspondence of his grandfather, William Hazlitt, the critic, in four volumes. Emmeline Lott, late governess to the Viceroy of Egypt, who wrote that astonishingly plain-spoken and not very creditable book about harem life in Egypt and Turkey, has another work ready with the awful title of *Nights in the Harem*. "Prurient prudes" will, I suppose, rebuke at their peril. Besides these we have plenty of new novels promised by Annie Thomas, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Ouida, Mr. Arthur Locher, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Amelia B. Edwards, the author of *John Halifax*, Miss Kavanagh, Mark Lemon, and others. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, though not yet returned from Utah, where he tarries long, like young Telemachus in the island of Calypso, has already arranged with Messrs. Chapman & Hall for the publication of a book on the United States in general and Mormonism in particular. Meanwhile Mr. Anthony Trollope is preparing his *Last Chronicle of Barset*, to be published in weekly numbers of 48 pages, each with one illustration—price sixpence. This is a novelty and an experiment of doubtful result. The first number will appear here on the 1st of December. The story will carry his readers back to the old town of Barset, familiar in his *Barchester Towers*. It is, in fact, a story of country society, such as he delights in, but whether such as the multitude of readers will relish, I do not know. Q.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### SWINBURNE'S IMMORALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Probably there has never been a period in the history of English poetry, from Ben Jonson's down

to the present day, that has not, directly or indirectly, felt the influence of, or in some degree been molded or shaped by, the Greek school of poets. It has been the constant and earnest endeavor of this classical fraternity to revive the forms and mythology of Greek poetry, and, if possible, to establish once more the worship of that illustrious pagan whose fated fall Mrs. Browning has so beautifully sung and immortalized in her *Dead Pan*. It would be wearisome to trace its progress among us from the remote period of its first introduction to the unexpected triumph it has achieved in the *Atalanta in Calydon* of Mr. Swinburne. Suffice it to say, that with such advocates as Walter Savage Landor, Matthew Arnold, and the author above mentioned, it has gained so strong a foothold that romanticism itself has been compelled to acknowledge its beauty and power.

The classics, as has been remarked, have ever been, and still are, with the race to which we belong, a *taste*, and not a *passion*. They are the fruits of another and far different clime, which have been transplanted into a more rugged and sterile soil, where they do not and cannot flourish like the "green bay tree" we so often read about.

As models, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides among the Greeks, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid among the Romans, are very useful, and afford a fruitful field for the poet who wishes to fathom the secrets of his art. But he must beware; he must learn to resist temptation, or he will fall like his primitive parent, and be forever banished from his poetical paradise. In studying the forms and mythology of Greek and Roman poetry he must not become a slave to its pagan spirit and sentiment, an error into which the classical school fell at a very early period of its history. Before the publication of *Atalanta in Calydon* we had thought it almost impossible for a poet of the Greek school to avoid this error, so easily and unconsciously are all apt to be betrayed into it; but Mr. Swinburne's success has put it beyond all further doubt or discussion.

In *Atalanta in Calydon* you find a modern dramatic poem, molded in the Greek model and infused with the essence of Greek philosophy and religion, yet powerfully appealing to the affections and sentiments of the present, and adapted to the character, culture, and opinions of the people among whom it was born. We can scarcely refrain from entering upon a lengthy eulogy on this poem, whose merit none can dispute, abounding, as it does, in the most exquisite beauties a poetic imagination ever conceived. The *Choruses* alone are sufficient to stamp the author as a true poet and man of genius, being full of the most intense musical life, the very language itself melting into music, while thought and feeling mingle like water and wine.

The transition from *Atalanta in Calydon* to *Chastelard* and *The Queen Mother and Rosamond*, was an easy, perhaps a natural, but for Mr. Swinburne a very unfortunate one. It was the opinion of nearly all his critics that his choice of a subject for his first poem was an unfortunate one, being too far removed from the sympathies of the present, and that the selection of a more modern one would prove more successful, and render him more popular. Upon this hint Mr. Swinburne, accordingly, penned the three poems, *Chastelard*, *The Queen Mother*, and *Rosamond*. We merely tell the truth when we say that they fell short of our least sanguine expectations, and added to their many deficiencies the evidences of a vitiated taste and corrupt imagination.

In *Chastelard* you frequently catch glimpses of that immorality and sensuality that betray the author's pet fancies and evil imaginings, till, breaking forth like a pent-up stream, in his later minor poems, they now flow around and about you in a delicious swirl, bearing on their surface the myriad beauties and divinities of Greek mythology, reveling in the pleasures of the Eastern harem, or the glories of Mahomet's paradise, while the very air is odorous with delicious flowers and redolent of fragrant spices.

It is rather unfortunate for Mr. Swinburne to have been born in this age and country. In the luxurious and delightful climate of the East the author of *Chastelard* would have found a language better adapted to the expression of his amorous thoughts. There he would have met with sympathy and encouragement, and his career, instead of proving a failure, would have become a brilliant and extraordinary one. But we must take things as they come; and as we have Mr. Swinburne's immorality among us, let us learn how dangerous it is, and how we may overcome it. Firstly, his immorality is very beautiful to behold; but it is like the proverbial apple of the Dead Sea. It is also very fascinating in its power, like that beautiful maiden of the Rhine who lures her victim to destruction. There is nothing palpably gross or repugnant in his immorality; and, on that account, it



is more to be feared and avoided. It is not the coarse sensuality of Rubens or Teniers, as illustrated in the shameless, voluptuous, and ruddy nudities that sprang from beneath their prolific brushes, displaying a perfect orgy—"the most extraordinary culmination of human bestiality ever portrayed on canvas." The creatures of Mr. Swinburne's voluptuous poems are not the "splendid brutes" of the "Kermesse," but the charming divinities of love, beauty, and all the passions; not cold and chaste, like Minerva or Diana, but fair and ruddy beings, with the glow and palpitation of life, pulpy, rich, redundant forms, reveling in wanton ease and felicity. They are not like the draped and colored statues in the churches of Spain and Naples, with the yellow earthy skins of ascetics; "not Madonnas in royal robes, in bright silks, crowned with diadems and wearing precious necklaces, with eye-balls formed of glittering carbuncles," but those lovely and graceful divinities that live in the amorous verses of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, in his poem *Cleopatra*, has admirably succeeded in expressing this idea of wild passionate love or lust, though it is very mild when placed beside some of Mr. Swinburne's remarkable poems. We will convey a very accurate and forcible idea of his immorality by quoting a few lines from a humorous and satirical poem called *The Session of the Poets*, which appeared in a late number of *The Spectator*. The author of *Lays Veneris*, etc., dubbed Master Swinburne, is represented as jumping up—

"With his neck stretching out like a gander,"  
and squealing, as he glared "out through his hair,"  
"All virtue is bosh! Hallelujah for Landor!  
I disbelieve wholly in everything! There!"

This is Mr. Swinburne's immorality in a very diminutive nut-shell.

Nov. 15, 1866.

Yours, very truly,

G. S. H.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

### MR. WHITTIER'S PROSE.\*

THE name of Whittier stands deservedly high among our eminent men. He is one of the few who have always been loyal to principle, and who have established themselves in this world as pure, true, blameless. For thirty years his lyrics have rung out loud peals for freedom, and his pen has been busy always in advancing every work which he honestly believed to be right and good. Such single devotion to one's own conscientious convictions always makes a man marked among his contemporaries. The beautiful picture which Mr. Whittier draws of William Leggett is properly his own portrait, so far as he has stood forth an uncompromising reformer. His part in the abolition of slavery is different but hardly less than that of Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, or Theodore Parker. He is one of the noble few who have stood by the cause in every weather, until the nation no longer holds men in bondage. Just this alone makes him eminent. But the way in which he has done his work makes him still more so. He has been loyal and manly in it. Something of a Quaker, Christian integrity has been manifested. He has written his songs, and the fiery purpose of one whose convictions were strong has made others feel as he felt. He has written letters and spoken words, and they have gone with a prophetic force through the land. But, all the while, he has lived away from the heat and noise of the conflict, in his own beautiful rural home, and something of an apostolic sanctity has enshrined him, in the eyes of the new generation which has grown up about him. We honor Mr. Whittier most heartily for the course which, as a man, he has taken; and this manliness of position and method enters necessarily into any true estimate of his works.

We have been struck, in examining these beautiful volumes containing his prose writings, with the consistency between his poetry and his prose. They occupy the same ground. His range of thought has never been wide, but within his selected sphere he has written equally well in prose and verse. There is in him an evident fondness for history in its lighter forms, and especially for that period which embraces the last two centuries in England and America, and covers the origin and rise of his religious sect. He is

a Quaker through and through, and you can hardly read a dozen of his pages without coming across the canonization of some Quaker saint—which is all well enough, since he writes about them with a charming simplicity and fondness. But it is well to observe that his range of saints and heroes is somewhat narrow. He writes of them in a catholic spirit, but he sets them up too continuously for us to worship; and some of us have reason to believe that the whole sum of goodness is not covered by a drab coat. There is an evident tendency in every sect to carry the impression that they are the world, and we do not miss this as we go over Mr. Whittier's pages. His anti-slavery zeal carried him, indeed, beyond the charmed circle of his sect; and his warm interest in man, as man, has endeared him to all hearts. This atones for his narrowness, and has made him popular. But, now his occupation is gone in that line, we observe gladly that he has gone back within the limits of his chosen field—New England life and scenery, and the simple quietness of a meditative life. And, indeed, he may well rest in this way upon his laurels as a poet-reformer. He has done more than any other writer to throw the halo of romance over the earlier New England life. His ballads are inimitable for their grace and sweetness; they are pure idyls; they have the New England air and sky and home-touches. In these Mr. Whittier's genius shines forth. He has done for that homely Puritan life what no writer beside has really attempted, and he has done it from a genuine fondness for the work. This appears not only in his ballads, but in the greater part of his prose. He has caught just the homeliness and fidelity of nature. We might instance the larger number of his poems, and we can also mention two-thirds of his prose, whose subjects have laid about his own home—the legends and stories which he has woven into bright romance from the rough recital of his ancestors. These have been the groundwork of his best productions; and we hope, in the years which may be spared to him, that he will give himself more entirely to this kind of poetical or prose writing. If these old legends are thus embodied, they will be as permanent as the old Scotch ballads, living ever on the lips of speaking men.

There is one other department of writing to which Mr. Whittier has lately devoted himself, and in which he has won greatly upon the religious public, and that is the writing of devotional poetry. He has in him the essential qualities of a religious mystic, and this tendency has not been lessened by the peculiar doctrines of the Society of Friends. He has been on the watch, in all his readings, for the mystic names in history; and many a poem, as his *Towler*, testifies to his fondness for such subjects. His latest poems have been in this vein. *Margaret Smith's Journal*, too, is full of it. His sketches of Quaker saints breathe this mystical atmosphere. And this species of writing he does with peculiar facility and grace. He catches the inner life of holy meditations, and reproduces them so simply, and with such a truthfulness, that we wonder at the beauty of a life which has familiarly treasured such precious truths. The mellowness of his later poems may have been derived, in part, from the sorrows and trials which years bring, but it is the mellowness, too, of a richer inward experience; and in this work of poetical writing, he is endearing himself to hundreds who would care nothing for his political essays.

The qualities of Mr. Whittier's style are picturesqueness and simplicity, clearness and geniality. He has little humor, but a bright cheerfulness is never absent from his pages. He is not profound, nor yet superficial; but he looks at subjects chiefly on their poetical side. He sees how they may be aptly represented; he does not investigate and analyze. His pages are such as you involuntarily linger over, because you like them. His prose is not of the highest order, but it is always good. Even where it is the plainest, it does not disappoint one. When he writes with only the desire of pleasing, as in his *Summer with Dr. Singletary*, he always pleases. Thus, his style is never ambitious, and he never promises more than he fulfills; and you are always more intent upon the beauty and excellence of his pictures and thoughts than upon the language in which he presents them.

With many writers, too, the influence of their

works is doubtful. Children should not read them. They mislead even the mature. But Mr. Whittier's writings may be placed safely in the hands of both young and old, with the perfect certainty that they will amuse, instruct, benefit the reader. Less serious than some, less profound than others, they belong to a class of literature which is never numerous enough—the class to which the essays of Elia belong. It is the kind which our own age is most unfavorable to, but which a healthy and pure taste always selects for the purpose of joyous mental recreation. It would not, perhaps, be out of place to call Mr. Whittier, for some of his papers in the *Literary Recreations*, the Elia of America; certainly, we know no writer on this side of the water more genial, or pure, or beautifully tender. An extended criticism of these writings is not demanded. To place the author in that niche of contemporary fame to which he belongs, and to show why he should be kept there, has been our chief object. But some particular notice of the contents of these volumes is also necessary.

*Margaret Smith's Journal* is our author's best prose work. It antedates the present popular way of writing familiarly the history of the olden time, and we have yet to see the chronicles which are superior to it in quiet, beautiful pictures of natural scenery, and of the manners and customs in New England two hundred years ago. We have been made acquainted with this now for the first time, though it was published thirty years ago; but we place it at once at the head of the author's prose. It is a most skillfully wrought historical painting. It is a prose drama, which only a man whose mind had been thoroughly filled with the spirit of that age could write. It will be, perhaps, the best representation, a century hence, of the days when Quakers were persecuted and witches hung.

The remainder of the first volume is pleasant reading, but mostly of an ephemeral character. It consists of sketches of John Bunyan, Thomas Elwood, James Nayler, Andrew Marvell, John Roberts, Samuel Hopkins, Richard Baxter, and of three moderns, William Leggett, Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, and Robert Dinsmore. These were originally contributions to a newspaper, and some of them were evidently done in haste. *John Bunyan* is poor. It is not a critical essay nor a biographical sketch, but aims at a little of both, and so amounts to nothing. The others are better, and the essays on Elwood and Nayler and Marvell and Roberts and Hopkins are all good. That on Baxter is no better than a hundred others could have done, and yet it is pleasant reading. A mere rambling talk about a great man, without a purpose, is the most desultory and worthless sort of writing. It is good for nothing. The papers on Leggett and Rogers and Dinsmore we wish were more biographical and less eulogistic. They provoke you, because the author had the opportunity to do a great deal better, and he just wove together a chit-chat—good, but not good enough.

Many of the papers in the second volume might have been omitted with benefit to the author's reputation. He speaks of them himself as hasty and ill-assorted, and so they truly are. Mr. Whittier has not a critical faculty, and his critical papers here handed down to posterity—that on Macaulay, for instance, and that on *Esau*—are the poorest specimens of that sort of writing, from an author of Mr. Whittier's rank, which we remember to have seen. They are on a par with Washington Irving's essays in the same line. It is no disparagement to Mr. Whittier's genius that they are so; but it is a mistake to perpetuate them, to the waste of printer's ink. But this second volume we should very unwillingly spare from our literature. It contains the essays which remind you of Elia. The papers entitled *Charms and Fairy Faith*, *The Little Iron Soldier*, *First-Day in Lowell*, *The Beautiful*, *The Lighting-up*, and *The Great Ipswich Fight* are specimens of Mr. Whittier's best vein. They are prose-poetry. The author almost apologizes for their light, playful character, but this is a large part of their merit. They amuse you delightfully. They are the counterpart to his ballads and familiar poems. They take you to the author's home, and you chat with him at his own fireside. We could select from these papers passages which, for pure simple beauty, cannot be matched in our literature. The poetry of

\* *Prose Works of John Greenleaf Whittier*. 2 vols. With Portrait. 16mo, pp. 473, 395. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.



the autumnal woods, the charms of romance, the geniality of an autobiography, betray the author into an unconscious musing which is poetry.

A fine portrait accompanies the volume, showing the chiseling of years in the author's countenance, but no dimming of the poetic fire which lights up the features; and we are glad that our literature is now enriched with his prose works in a permanent form.

#### RED JACKET.\*

THE memory of the dusky tribes which the Anglo-Saxon in his stern and pitiless march has driven from their native forests of the American Continent may be expected with each year to become more and more indistinct, and the halo which has surrounded the few great names among the red men which are preserved to us to become more feeble, flickering, and dim. The absence of written records; the rapid melting away of the different races, so that even oral tradition has grown, with time, scantier and scantier; the confusing employment of metaphor making it always difficult to penetrate to trustworthy details, and the inevitable perversity wherewith the central figures among vanquished foes are so apt to be colored and distorted in the histories of the victors, all these have united with other causes to make our aboriginal records of a thin and meager description. When, therefore, a writer who is at once capable and conscientious—deeply interested in his subject and qualified by a peculiar experience for its mastery—steps forward to augment our limited treasures by a discriminative and light-bringing contribution to Indian history or biography, we welcome the work in proportion to its rarity, and tender our gratitude in no less a degree. Such a writer was the late Col. Stone, and such a book is his *Life of Red Jacket*.

The great Seneca chieftain and orator was surely one of the most remarkable figures in our limited gallery; and not the least so for the reason that he was, perhaps, a solitary instance among our famous tribes of a man achieving distinction and maintaining to the last a remarkable influence and undoubted position among his people not only without distinguishing himself in war, but with a positive and wide-spread imputation of physical cowardice attaching to his name. That he was a poltroon in action there can be no doubt; and although he was engaged in both our wars with the mother country—on the English side in the Revolution, and on the American in 1812-15—in neither contest, as our author observes, did he win for himself the right to wear the eagle plume. "In the former he was openly charged by his brother chiefs with cowardice and treachery; while in the latter the impression made upon the mind of the general under whose immediate eye he served was by no means favorable in regard to his courage. His entire character formed a bundle of contradictions. If he lacked firmness of nerves, he nevertheless possessed unbending firmness of purpose and great moral courage. His intellectual powers were unquestionably of a very high order. He was a statesman of sagacity, and an orator of even surpassing eloquence; yet he was capable of descending to the practice of the lowest cunning of the demagogue."

Undoubtedly, his redeeming qualities must have been of a most uncommon order to permit this singular man to retain his ascendancy in the absence of that quality which, among his people, women only were supposed to lack. A firm belief in his patriotism, which justly had its rise in many remarkable services, and a certain *finesse* which was very like genius, served him no doubt in good stead and averted that contempt which otherwise, very early in his career, would have overwhelmed him. He was called *Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*, which means *He keeps them awake*; and the compliment to his oratorical powers was beyond question well bestowed. The tongue, rather than the hatchet, was this red man's weapon; and the antithesis about the pen and the sword, granting the difference between barbarism and civilization, would have become his lips as well as those of Richelieu. Red Jacket was born about the year 1750, at a place called Old Castle, three miles west of the pretty town of

Geneva, at the foot of Seneca lake. We first hear of him as remarkably swift in the chase and being employed, consequently, as a messenger, first among his own tribe, and afterwards, during the Revolution, as a runner for British officers engaged in the border service. His name of Red Jacket, by which he became famous, is said by McKenney's *Indian Biography* to have been acquired in the following manner:

"... His activity and intelligence attracted the attention of several officers of the British crown, and acquired for him their friendship. One of them, either as a compliment or for services rendered, presented him with a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he took great pride in wearing. When this was worn out he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress until it became a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterwards best known. At the treaty of 1794, held at Canandaigua, Captain Parish, one of the interpreters in the service of the United States, gave him another red jacket, 'to perpetuate the name to which he was so much attached.'"

The Seneca tribe, of which Red Jacket was for so many years the chief, was, even as lately as the European discovery, the strongest among the Aquanuschioni, or United People, known originally as the Five Nations and afterwards as the Six, by the addition of the Tuscaroras to the confederacy in 1712. These people were very powerful and very warlike. They carried their arms as far south as the country of the Cherokees, and a tremendous battle—forerunner and type of a greater one in the same vicinity—was fought between the Cherokees, Catawbias, and their allies, and the warriors of the Six Nations, at the junction of the Cumberland and Red rivers, in Kentucky, near the present line between the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, in the year 1731, and in which the men of the north were victorious.\* The fighting qualities of his people did not descend to our hero, as we have seen; for like Demosthenes and Cicero, to whom Dr. Breckinridge compares him, "he better understood how to rouse his countrymen to war than to lead them to victory." The celebrated Brant, chief of the Mohawks, ever regarded the Seneca orator with hatred and contempt; and, according to various authorities, was accustomed to tell stories illustrative of Red Jacket's cowardice. He it was, also, who surnamed the latter *cov-killer*, in a letter to the Duke of Northumberland, in 1805, a cognomen which, had not the recipient already gained one so much more striking, might have followed him through life; and which, indeed, so far as the Mohawk was concerned, was never abandoned.

But whatever might be said of Red Jacket's pluck, of his surpassing eloquence there can be no doubt. His tribe had been distinguished from time immemorial for this particular gift; and to shine pre-eminently among a nation of orators must have demanded extraordinary merit. The most remarkable difference existed, as we are told by De Witt Clinton, between the Six Nations and other Indians as respects eloquence. No models can be found, or are supposed to have existed, of notable oratorical excellence among the Algonquins, the Delawares, the Shawanese, or any other nation except the Iroquois. Red Jacket's powers must then have been very great, since he towered, so to speak, a head and shoulders above all who surrounded him, even in a community of giants. Indeed, a competent judge in describing the two most perfect orators he had ever heard, called them John Randolph and Red Jacket. Col. Stone gives many specimens of the chief's peculiar powers which, space permitting, we would gladly quote from; and yet such things are better read in their entirety. The following, which is the shortest speech in the volume, we may transcribe without curtailment. It is reported as having been made to his friend, Col. Snelling, of the U. S. army, who had shown him many particular attentions, and for whom our hero had contracted a strong friendship; the colonel being just on the eve of departing for Governor's Island, N. Y. harbor, to the command of which he had been ordered:

"BROTHER: I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a governor yourself. I understand that you white people think children a blessing. I hope you may have a thousand. And above all I hope, wherever you go, you may never find whisky above two shillings a quart."

\* It is an incident well worthy of note that an educated Seneca Indian, Mr. E. S. Parker, should have been during the late war for the Union one of General Grant's military secretaries. The same gentleman is now, as we are informed, the owner of the large silver medal which bears his likeness presented by General Washington to Red Jacket.

Like many of his people, Red Jacket had a strong sense of personal dignity; and not even the wretched habit of intemperance, which so often overpowered him, ever altogether subdued or caused it to be forgotten. Col. Stone tells us a story of a French nobleman who was making the tour of the United States, and who visited Buffalo. He had heard of the fame of Red Jacket, and, learning that his residence was but seven miles distant, he sent him word that he was desirous to see him, adding a request that the chief should visit him in Buffalo the next day. Red Jacket received the message with much contempt, and replied: "Tell the *young man* that if he wishes to visit the *old chief*, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him, and Red Jacket will be glad to see him." The count sent back his messenger to say that he was fatigued with his journey, and could not go to the Seneca village; that he had come all the way from France to see the great orator of the Senecas, and, after having put himself to so much trouble to see so distinguished a man, the latter could not refuse to meet him at Buffalo. "Tell him," said the sarcastic chief, "that it is very strange he should come so far to see me, and then stop short within seven miles of my lodge." The rebuke seems to have been effectual, for the count visited him at his wigwam, and then Red Jacket accepted an invitation to dine with him at his lodgings in Buffalo. We find, elsewhere, a story no less characteristic, although of another kind: Not long before his death, a rich but loquacious person came to see him. This gentleman had a habit of speaking with extraordinary volubility and not much thought, and of coming very near his interlocutor while so doing. Red Jacket had dressed himself with the utmost care, designing, as he ever did when sober, to make an imposing impression:

"Being introduced to the stranger, he soon measured his intellectual capacity, and made no effort to suppress his disappointment, which, indeed, was sufficiently disclosed in his features. After listening for a few moments to the chatter of the gentleman, Red Jacket, with a look of mingled chagrin and contempt, approached close to him and exclaimed, 'cha, cha, cha!' as rapidly as utterance would allow. Then, drawing himself to his full height, he turned proudly upon his heel and walked away in the direction of his own domicile. . . . The gentleman with more money than brains was for once lost in astonishment, and stood longer motionless and silent than he had ever done before."

Red Jacket was sometimes as vain as he was dignified. During the earlier part of his public life he had frequent negotiations with Timothy Pickens, whose remarkable intellectual powers gained him great distinction, and finally made him secretary of state to the federal government. This latter fact being mentioned to the chief soon after it transpired: "Yes," he observed; "we began our public career about the same time. He knew how to read and write, but I did not, and therefore he has got ahead of me. But had I possessed those advantages, I should have been ahead of him." Late in life he was at the launching of a schooner at Black Rock which had received his name. He made an address on the occasion, in the course of which, addressing himself directly to the vessel, he said:

"You have had a great name given to you—strive to deserve it. Be brave and daring. Go boldly into the great lakes, and fear neither the swift winds nor the strong waves. Be not frightened nor overcome by them, for it is by resisting storms and tempests that I, whose name you bear, obtained my renown. Let my great example inspire you to courage and lead you on to glory."

We have only room for one other curious anecdote, which is given in a MS. letter of Thomas Morris to Colonel Stone. The chief had dined with General Washington, and was puzzled by the servants standing behind the chairs every now and then running off with the plates, and then instantly replacing them with others. It was explained to him that there were a variety of dishes, that each was cooked in a different manner, and that the plates and the knives and forks of the guests were changed as often as they were helped from a different dish.

"Ah!" said he, after musing a moment, 'is that it?' I replied in the affirmative. 'You must, then, suppose,' he continued, 'that the plates and knives and forks retain the taste of the cookery?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Have you, then,' he added, 'any method by which you can change your palates every time you change your plates; for I should suppose that the taste would remain on the palate longer than on the plate?' I replied that we were in the habit of washing that away by drinking wine. 'Ah!' said he, 'I now understand it. I was persuaded

\* *The Life and Times of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or Red Jacket*. By the late William L. Stone. With a Memoir of the author, by his son. Albany, N. Y.: J. Munsell. 1866.



that so general a custom among you must be founded in reason, and I only regret that when I was in Philadelphia I did not understand it, when dining with General Washington and your father. The moment the man went off with my plate I would have drunk wine until he brought me another; for, although I am fond of eating, I am more so of drinking."

These passages, while amusing, do not of course give, or pretend to give, any idea of the character and career of the great Seneca in a comprehensive or connected sense. Such an idea can only be obtained by reading the work which is the subject of our notice. The biography is copious and graphic, and should be in every American library. Colonel Stone, who was, as our readers hardly require to be told, for many years editor of *The New York Commercial Advertiser*, did his work thoroughly and conscientiously, and produced a volume which will live in his country's literature. The first edition appeared, we believe, some time prior to 1844, the year of the author's death; and the handsome one before us is edited by his son. The life of the chief is appropriately prefaced by a brief memoir of his autobiographer, which Mrs. Stowe has gracefully and feelingly written. This memoir, besides exhibiting a good deal of taste and discretion, is also valuable and instructive. Its subject was a man eminently and deservedly respected, and his memory and example should be kept green in the community where he lived so long and so honorably.

We recommend this work for its interest and for its authenticity, qualities which are ably supplemented by a sprightly and agreeable style, and by that sympathetic appreciation of the inner nature of its subject which to the biographer is so invaluable. We have but few lives of our great aboriginal chiefs, and it is to be hoped this one may meet its deserts in cordial and permanent recognition. Red Jacket stands before us in it in his very habit as he lived—the last of the Senecas, as his chronicler truly observes, in as just a sense as was Rienzi the last of the Romans.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

*Utterly Wrecked: A Novel. By Henry Morford. New York: The American News Company. 1866. Pp. 182.*—In the selection of a subject for his present story Mr. Morford has been singularly felicitous. He has ventured upon paths but little trodden by the modern novelist, and has evinced a vigor in the conception of his characters, a power in the representation of suffering, sorrow, and crime, and an accuracy of description in the minor details of all that relates to that peculiar class who form the *dramatis personæ* of his novel which show him to be possessed of considerable powers of perception and an enviable memory. *Utterly Wrecked* is a stirring and highly-wrought narration of events occurring in the vicinity of a small fishing village, in one of the middle states, on the wildest and most dangerous portion of the Atlantic coast. The inhabitants are described as "fishermen by profession, and wreckers by necessity;" and to this place Barnard North brings his family, from New England, at the commencement of the story. In the character of Barnard the author has aimed to depict a rough, grand, and sympathetic nature, crushed by the weight of unjust accusation, and destined by the force of circumstances to be the unintentional perpetrator of crime; an honest, brave, self-sacrificing man, whose acts of heroism are made the vehicle for his punishment.

During a fearful storm, of which we have a graphic description, Barnard North and his son stand on the beach watching, with intense anxiety, a large vessel which is driving helplessly before the gale:

"My God!" shouted the wrecker, "she is not a mile from the bar, and ten minutes hence no human power can save her, even if it is not already too late."

"She must go on the Point," said the boy, clasping his hands in woful interest. "Look! the white breakers are just ahead of her now."

"They are further away from her than you think, my son," answered the wrecker, measuring the distance with a practiced eye; "she has sea-room yet if enough sail could be started to forge her past the Point. But it cannot be!" he added sadly, after the pause of a moment. "Her sails are all blown away, or there is no hand left to set them. Ha!" and the eye of the anxious man brightened with genuine pleasure as he saw a white cloud of canvas gleam for a moment between the foremast and the mainmast. "They are trying to set a mainsail on her, after all! God help them to do it; for it is their only hope."

When the scud drove away, as it partially did only a moment after, it was too fearfully apparent that the despairing words of the wrecker were the truth of a

prophecy. They had seen her two minutes before, with a faint hope of safety—faint indeed, but still a hope. They saw her now with that last hope gone. The heavy sail had been rent into shreds from the bolt-ropes, and was flying from her yards like the very ribbons to which Barnard North had so lately compared it; and the ship herself, losing her way, was driven helplessly upon the bar, the white foam flashing almost underneath her lee. "God help them now!" said Barnard North; "that was their last chance."

Unable longer to stand and see the ship beating to pieces upon the bar, and so many human beings struggling helplessly in the water, Barnard determines to launch his boat, and, yielding to his son's entreaties that he might accompany him, they set forth on their merciful enterprise. The terrific scene which follows is powerfully drawn, and is perhaps the best in the whole book. After almost superhuman struggles, Barnard and his heroic boy succeed in rescuing a man in whom life is not quite extinct; but—

"There must always be a sacrifice of the best and the noblest when some deed worthy eternal record is to be accomplished. The brave boy had reached too far over the side in his effort to drag in the drowning man—his foothold was not secure—he did not instantly realize the full extent of the peril as did the wrecker, and as the boat righted, the maddened father, too far away to grasp him, saw him lunge heavily overboard, striking his head upon the very spar from which he had just drawn the drowning man; saw him disappear in a mass of whirling timber that had overtaken them in their delay—gone! down in the maddened waters—lost!"

From the sad scenes which follow, we gladly turn to one which is not only amusing but decidedly original. An insurance agent accompanies the sheriff on board of a schooner for the purpose of serving a warrant on three men who have sought refuge there, and who, on seeing their approach, deliberately ascend the main shrouds and remain cozily on the cross-trees. After a vain search on deck their retreat is discovered.

"Come down, in the name of the law," roared Thompson to the men in the tops, when he had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to speak.

"Come up if you want us," came back the reply in the stentorian tones of Sam Radstock.

"Yes, and mind you don't fall!" was the supplementary adjuration of Uncle Zeke Robbins, who must have been amazingly enjoying the scene on deck, with one eye, while he gloated over the distant sunrise with the other.

"I tell you, captain—if you call yourself the captain of this schooner—you'd better get those men down and let the law take its course, or it will be the worse for you!" growled Hawkins. "I'll teach you, as I have done some other people, what it is to resist the law."

"Why, Lord bless you, we're not resisting the law, any of us—at least I'm not!" blandly answered the captain. "Why see here, I'll help you instead of resisting. Hallo! above there! you'd better come down! Here are some warrants to be served on you fellows—do you hear?"

"Ya-a-a, we heard before!" responded Uncle Zeke. "I told 'em to come up, if they wanted to save anything. We shan't go away."

"Yes, let 'em bring up their potatoes if they want 'em dug!" added Radstock, putting in an old Joe of the farmers.

"If you really want to serve them warrants I think you'd better go up," said Griffin mildly as ever. "If you ain't much used to rattlins, you've got to be careful and hold on with both hands, and then there's no danger of falling."

"I go up there!" gasped Thompson, while Hawkins was at once too indignant and too much horrified to respond.

"Yes, I don't think they're coming down," continued Griffin. "They're busy aloft, lookin' out for a southeaster."

"Doing what?" roared Thompson.

An intimation that the vessel is about to set sail for Carolina compels the legal functionary and his friend to retire.

There are many noticeable faults of style which practice and experience may enable Mr. Morford to correct; we must especially object to the constant introduction of classical illustrations which are ill-chosen and out of place; and the mistake occurs more than once of calling a person the *ci-devant* (former) wife of Davis, when in reality she had never enjoyed that position. The translation, likewise, of Dante's lines fails to convey to the reader any idea of the poet's meaning. On the whole, however, *Utterly Wrecked* may be pronounced not only a promising but an interesting as well as a forcibly written story, and we shall be mistaken if Mr. Morford does not hereafter produce something very much better.

*Outpost. By J. G. Austin, author of Dora Darling. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1867.*—*Outpost* is composed in nearly equal proportions of a new variation of the story of the little girl who is kidnapped, mourned, vainly sought for, and ultimately recovered, all in accordance with a well-established system, and of what ought to be a final disposal of some of the people whom the author's in her former book did not settle in life satisfactorily to her present taste. Heroine No. 1 is a pretty little girl

in a fair way to be spoiled by her father, mother, and Cousin Tom; is lost while following an organ-grinder with a monkey; is seized by Mother Winch—a reproduction of good Mrs. Brown—who strips Toinette, the pretty little girl, as her prototype did Florence Dombey; turned, thinly clad, out of doors, is next rescued by a fervent Irish lad, who, with his mother, nurses her through the consequent attack of typhus fever. Mrs. and Teddy Ginniss prove to be respectively the washerwoman and errand-boy of Cousin Tom, who by this time has joined the parents in their search for the missing child, whom the honest washerwoman is too stupid to think of returning to her parents, while her son becomes too strongly attached to her to allow, after he has learned the facts, a restoration which would take her from them. In the same house with this honestly and affectionately stupid family resides the organ-grinder, the original cause of the calamity, who, finding that the child could dance, kidnaps her anew, and takes her on a railway train, which, colliding with another, is smashed, thereby so terrifying the child that, "staggering to its feet, [it] fled wildly away into the dim forest land." Hereupon she is found, nursed back to life, and adopted by Dora Darling, a *visandière* of the non-existent ideal sort, the heroine of the other book and heroine No. 2 of this. Here the story becomes, and henceforth it remains, muddled. The child's family are repeatedly infinitesimally near finding her, but through some accident fail to do so. Teddy, opprobriously discharged by Cousin Tom on discovery of his concealment, is taken into favor by the mother and sent to Antioch College, where he is under the tuition of a lover of Dora Darling. Dora inherits a farm ("Outpost") in Iowa, from the man who was colonel of her regiment in the other book—being informed thereof by Cousin Tom, who sleeps in the house without seeing the child—and removes thither with her little protégé and a pair of orphaned cousins, likewise out of the other book. To her on the farm come lovers, by one, by two, by three. The first, her cousin (other book), is refused. The second, Rev. Mr. Brown (other book), is likewise refused; each in a minutely recorded dialogue. Mr. Brown, however, sends his pupil Teddy for a vacation to her farm, where he discovers the child and brings her mother to her. With the mother comes Cousin Tom, who has loved Dora since their first meeting, and, now courting her, in another fully recorded dialogue, is accepted. The combined restoration and wedding occasion general bliss to all implicated in any of the transactions, even Mr. Brown consoling himself with Dora's cousin, who has all the time wanted him and been jealous of the preferred Dora. And so the story ends ecstasically—the moral being either that small girls should not follow organ-grinders, or that large girls ought to be *visandières*; we cannot definitely determine which.

The story has the merit of being told in a grammatical and lady-like manner. It further delineates, in a couple from Maine, the Yankee self-assurance and impertinent familiarity which render "help" from that region so disgusting. But in contrast with the almost Lowell-like rendering of New Englandisms is a prolonged and dismally abortive effort at that brogue which Thackeray alone, of non-Irish novelists, seems to have caught. Suitably curtailed, the story might become a very fair child's book of the lachrymose stamp; but to present it as a novel is preposterous.

*The Book of Common Prayer, as Amended by the Westminster Divines, A.D. 1661. Edited by Charles W. Shields, D.D., with a Historical and Liturgical Treatise. Philadelphia: J. S. Claxton, 1867.*—The revived interest in liturgical questions will draw attention to this volume, which was first published two years ago, and is now reissued, to meet, we suppose, an increasing demand. Coming from a man in high position in the Presbyterian Church, it is an indication that the questions about liturgy and about episcopacy may be, and are to be, kept quite apart. The historical notices of Dr. Shields are carefully prepared and valuable. The work, as he now gives it to us, he shows to be a properly Presbyterian book. The additions which he makes to the original book are carefully selected and very appropriate. The appendices contain valuable documents; among them is the *Presbyterian Exceptions against the Book of Common Prayer*, presented at the Savoy Conference, 1661; and a general index, containing an account of the historical source of the Presbyterian Prayer-Book. All interested in liturgical questions will need this volume; and the ministers of almost any communion would do well to study these forms as a guide and help in that part of public worship which is too often gone through with in a merely perfunctory, if not slovenly, manner.

*The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost; or, Reason and Revelation. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of West-*



minster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866.—Of the Anglican clergy who left the Church of England and went over to Rome, Dr. Newman is undoubtedly the ablest, while Archbishop Manning is the most eloquent and persuasive. His logical defects are well mantled by his silvery speech. In this volume he undertakes the defense of the papal authority against Protestantism and human reason, and carries the claim of papal infallibility up to its highest point. Reason, he argues, must submit to revelation, and the authentic voice of the revealing God is found in the Roman Catholic Church alone; and in that church as it now speaks, whatever it may before have said. The living voice of the living Church we must all obey; and that voice comes to us through the ruling Pontiff. The sum of his theory is in the following sentence: "All appeals to Scripture alone, or to Scripture and antiquity, whether by individuals or by local churches, are no more than appeals from the divine voice of the living Church, and therefore essentially rationalistic." This is certainly carrying the Ultramontane position to its final statement; and it is urged on English and American Catholics at the very time when the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy is trembling in the balance.

*Bulbs: A Treatise on Hardy and Tender Bulbs and Tubers.* By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1866. Pp. 292.—During our severe winters the presence of a few flowers in our sitting-rooms is more refreshing to the senses than the most gorgeous upholstery; and yet, except in the houses of the most wealthy, they are seldom seen. The less rich strain every nerve to obtain carved furniture and gaudy velvet carpets, and sigh with despairing envy as they calculate the probable cost of tall mirrors and brocade curtains; but the crowning glory of tasteful embellishment, flowers, can be dispensed with, and the few dollars' outlay which they would so well repay are added to the price which procures some barbarous piece of machine carving, or tawdry, gilded ornament. Bulbs are the most easily managed of all floral pets, not suffering as much from furnace-heated air as other plants. Their blossoms have always been beloved of the poets, and the very names of snow-drop and hyacinth call up poetic reminiscences, while their perfume serves to console us during those bitter "cold snaps" which seem to freeze the very memory of summer out of our hearts. Mr. Rand writes upon the management of bulbs in a very agreeable fashion, giving all the scientific details necessary for a florist in a manner that may be easily understood by an amateur, so that by following his advice we can

"Begin the year with fragrant hyacinths, and enjoy, in turn, the ever-welcome snow-drop, the gay crocus, the delicate iris, the modest crythionium, the gaudy tulip, scented hyacinths, brilliant narcissus, stately lilies, gladiolus, tigridias, and tardy colchicum, till the double Roman narcissus once again bids us a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

The management of bulbs and tubers in gardens is given at great length, and the book is made more attractive by fine paper, clear type, and the beauty of the graceful little illustrations which adorn its pages. *Bulbs* deserves to be on every drawing-room table, and to become as popular as other treatises on kindred subjects have been from the same careful hand; which is saying a great deal, but is not saying too much.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- WILLIAM H. APPLETON, New York.—Mrs. Jameson's Characteristic of Women. Illustrated with 24 steel engravings. Pp. xi. 340.
- THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.—Complete Works of William Shakespeare. 2 vols. Pp. xxviii. 841, 919. 1866.
- The Arabian Nights Entertainments. With upwards of a hundred illustrations on wood, drawn by S. J. Groves. 2 vols. Pp. 536, 528. 1866.
- The P. Igrim's Progress, and Holy War. By John Bunyan. Pp. xiv. 500. 1866.
- The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Burns, with portrait and illustrations on wood. Pp. cxviii. 523. 1866.
- The Poetical Works of James Thomson. Pp. xliii. 498. 1866.
- The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Pp. xxxi. 448. 1866.
- The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. With illustrations by Keeley Halswelle. Pp. xxiv. 574. 1866.
- The Poetical Works of John Milton. Illustrated. Pp. xxxvii. 455. 1866.
- The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. With illustrations by Keeley Halswelle. Pp. xvi. 665. 1866.
- The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. With illustrations by Keeley Halswelle. Pp. xxiv. 406. 1866.
- The Poetical Works of James Beattie, and The Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by McWhirter, Hay, and Vallance. Pp. xx. 458. 1866.
- The Poetical Works of William Cowper. With illustrations by Hugh Cameron. Pp. xxviii. 483. 1866.
- The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Illustrated. Pp. xxii. 673. 1866.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. By Douglas Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Keene. Pp. xx. 130. 1866.
- Allice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. With 42 illustrations by John Tenniel. Pp. 192. 1866.
- WALKER, FULLER & Co., Boston.—Massachusetts in the Rebellion. By P. C. Headley. Pp. xli. 688. 1865.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.—Brazil and the Brazilians. By Rev. James C. Fletcher and Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D. Illustrated by 160 engravings. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. Pp. viii. 640. 1866.
- HARPER & Bros., New York.—The Sanctuary: A Story of the Civil War. By George Ward Nichols. Pp. 386. 1866.

T. B. PETERSON & Bros., Philadelphia.—The National Cook Book. By a Lady of Philadelphia. Pp. xi. 331. 1866.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—Sybil Grey; or, A Year in the City. Pp. 264. 1866.

GRACE'S VISIT. Pp. 231. 1866.

PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, Philadelphia.—England Two Hundred Years Ago. By E. H. Gillett. Pp. 363. 1866.

JOHN L. SHOREY, Boston.—Sargent's Standard Primer. Edited, in Pronouncing Orthography, by Edwin Leigh. Pp. xvi. 80. (For sale in New York by W. I. Pooley.)

## PAMPHLETS, ETC.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Race for Wealth. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. Pp. 168. 1866.

FREDERIC A. BRADY, New York.—Right and Left. By Mrs. C. I. Newby. Pp. 140. 1866.

EDWARD F. CROWEN, New York.—Address at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the Douglas Monument at Chicago, September 6, 1865. By Major-General John A. Dix. Pp. 35. 1865.

## SHEET MUSIC.

THADDEUS FIRTH, New York.—Song—Softly o'er the rippling waters. Music by J. R. Thomas.

Song—Do not crush the roses. Music by E. G. B. Holder.

Song—When twilight dews. Music by W. K. Bassford.

To Mary in Heaven. The same.

Murmuring Rill—Mazurka Caprice. The same.

This Style of Thing. Sung by Howard Paul.

Emery's Dream of Home—Fantasie. By Stephen A. Emery.

We have also received current issues of The Quarterly of the Young Men's Christian Associations of America, Beadle's Monthly—New York; The Atlantic Monthly—Boston; Godey's Lady's Book—Philadelphia.

## MISCELLANEA.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON, of the *Great Eastern*, has written a letter to *The Anglo-American Times* in which he complains very bluntly that the officers of her Majesty's service connected with the Atlantic telegraph expedition have not had that public recognition of their services which they are entitled to, and declares that it is due to them, as well as to himself, that he should express publicly what he uniformly says in private. It is certainly a little curious that so little has been done to honor those who succeeded in this memorable attempt when so much was done on former occasions to honor those who failed in it. Perhaps it is to be explained by what accounts for the apparent apathy respecting the cable which prevails among ourselves, namely, that people have become rather tired of the subject.

WE quote the following from *The London Review* of October 13, from an article which discusses one which appeared in our own columns, and to which we have elsewhere referred in the present issue. "Mr. Irenæus Prime" has been amusing himself in Europe by doing what many similar people have done here, i. e., flatly contradicting assertions respecting a subject which he has evidently never been at the pains to investigate:

"But, although we are unable to retract anything we have said, or to accept the flat contradiction offered by Mr. Irenæus Prime, we are quite ready to believe that his fair friends know nothing of those naughty modistes. Moreover, if it be any satisfaction, they can learn that England is not without its shocking examples either. Dr. Forbes Winslow gives some sorrowful facts concerning persons afflicted with this mania, and proposes to establish sanatoria for the intemperate. He recognizes that, with some, this habit of drinking too much becomes a disease, and must be treated as such in special hospitals. So far, America is in advance of us, for America has already her Asylum for Inebriates; but, before its establishment in the United States, the need of such an institution was recognized on the continent, and there are several places where dipsomaniacs are treated under the rule and care of religious orders.

"If in America a man has been known to consume twenty bottles of 'Mun's preparation of laudanum' in a day, Chomel in Europe mentions a youth who was in the habit of drinking fifteen bottles of wine and four of brandy daily, while Esquirol knew a person who swallowed 177 *petits verres* every day! Dr. Winslow himself attended 'a professional gentleman of extraordinary talents and high literary attainments, who, for a period of twelve months, never went to bed sober. He was in the habit of drinking at one sitting fourteen to fifteen glasses of brandy-and-water. He died a most miserable death.' Another of his patients used to disappear at times from home, like Hartley Coleridge, and spend weeks in utter inebriety, in some obscure locality. 'A woman suffering from this phase of insanity,' he says, 'was never permitted to have any money at her command. Having no other means of purchasing stimulants, she had nearly all her teeth extracted; these she sold to enable her to gratify the morbid craving for drink.' The Scotch 'wife' who sold 'her horse for brandy' is but a commonplace beside her; however, she is almost paralleled by the Liverpool 'mother of seven children' who sold her hair for a quart of beer—and she had her imitators, too! According to evidence given in the report of the Liverpool Health Committee, 'quite a young woman' had been imprisoned 114 times for drunkenness, and another had been taken up 120 times. The evidence goes to show that drunkenness is on the increase there, and especially so among the wives and children of the laboring population. The children fall into the habit, according to the Rev. Mr. Nugent, by being sent to the public-house for the supply; for they thus have an opportunity of sipping the dangerous liquor. It is the most melancholy of all the sad facts connected with the subject, this corruption of children. We are not surprised to see the excessive mortality of Liverpool attributed to the great prevalence of drunkenness.

"Here, surely, are facts enough and reasons in plenty for taking active measures to treat this disease as a disease."

## LITERARIANA.

## AMERICAN.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT are about to publish ten more volumes of their charming Tauchnitz edition of the works of Thackeray, of which we have once or twice spoken. The present installment will contain three of the best of his larger works, viz.: *The Virginians*, *The English Humourists*, and *The Four Georges*, besides a number of his minor tales and sketches, as, *Men's Wives*, *Lovel, the Widower*, *The Fitz Boobles Papers*, *A Shabby Genteel Story*, *The Kickleburys Abroad*, *A Legend of the Rhine*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, *The Chronicle of the Drum*, *Sketches and Travels in London*, and *Novels by Eminent Hands*, the last being best known as *Punch's Prize Novelists*. What pleasure would await us as critics could we sit down now for the first time to write about these works, which cover so many years of the life of our greatest master of English fiction. But criticism upon them is as uncalled for as it would be upon the plays of Shakespeare, since they have already run its gauntlet, and taken their place in the literature of the time. It is hard not to write about them, however, or some of them, as one turns over page after page, remembering the day when they were new to him, and the hour when he laughed over some merry fancy, or grew sad at some grim sarcasm, where sorrow was masked in bitterness. Who that has read *Idanhoe* can forget its exquisite continuation in *Rebecca and Rowena*, in which first appeared that most exquisite of all of Thackeray's lyrics, "Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin," sung by the Jester Wamba, as he curled his lean shanks in the chimney-side.

Turning to *George de Barnwell*, the fun of which could hardly have been agreeable to Sir E. B. L., Bart., we linger over the lofty conversation of the ambitious grocer's boy with his future Delilah, Milwood: "'Nay, say not so, fair stranger!' the youth replied, his face kidpiling as he spoke, and his eagle eyes flashing fire. 'Figs pall but O! the Beautiful never does. Figs rot; but O! the Truthful is eternal. I was born, lady, to grapple with the lofty and the Ideal. My soul yearns for the Visionary. I stand behind the counter, it is true; but I ponder here upon the deeds of heroes, and muse over the thoughts of sages. What is grocery for one who has ambition? What sweetness hath Muscovado to him who hath tasted of Poesy? The Ideal, lady, I often think, is the true Real, and the Actual but a visionary hallucination. But pardon me; with what may I serve thee?'"

THE first number of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's new magazine, *The Riverside Monthly for Young People*, will commence with a serial story by Mr. F. R. Goulding, of Georgia, author of that favorite child's book, *The Young Marooners*, which will be entitled *Frank Gordon, or When I was a Little Boy*, and a sketch by the Rev. Jacob Abbott, *White Mice at Home*, illustrated by Herrick, besides papers in prose and verse by other popular juvenile writers, and illustrations by Mr. W. J. S. Hows and Mr. H. L. Stephens, which last artist is to furnish a cartoon or frontispiece on *The Three Wise Men of Gotham*. The illuminated cover, which was designed by Mr. Hows, is the most brilliant specimen of color-printing which has yet been done in this country.

THE new magazine of which we have before spoken as about to be started under the editorial management of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mr. J. R. Gilmore (*Edmund Kirke*), will make its appearance at the commencement of the year, under the title of *Northern Lights*. It will be a weekly and a monthly, or, more strictly speaking, it will consist of weekly and monthly parts, with illustrations, of course, by the best artists. The list of contributors embraces such names as Rose Terry, who writes charming poems and admirable little tales of New England life; Louisa M. Olcott, who is now we believe in England, writing letters for *The Independent*; Miss Palfrey (*E. Foxton*); Lucretia P. Hale; Jane G. Austin; and a corps of male writers of all sorts of talent, as Richard B. Kimball; Charles G. Halpine (*Miles O'Reilly*); Charles G. Congdon; Charles Dawson Shanley; E. C. Stedman; Francis Parkman; Eugene Benson; Wm. R. Alger; *Oliver Optic*; Robert H. Newell (*Orpheus C. Kerr*); and *Petroleum V. Nasby*; besides the editors, whose talents need no indorsement at our hands. *Northern Lights* will be published in this city by the American News Company, and in Boston by Messrs Lee & Shepard. We presume its contents will be entirely original.

ANOTHER magazine, for children of a smaller growth, is announced for the 1st of December, to be published simultaneously in Boston and New York, in the former city by A. Williams, and here by the American News Company. Its title is *The Nursery*, and its editor Miss F. P. Seaverns; who the contributors are to be we have not



learned, further than that they are the very best in the country, which gives us no clue to their identity, our best writers are so numerous. Well, the more the merrier, since we are not obliged to read their productions.

*The Galaxy*, in speaking of the publication of novels in London, instructs its readers as follows: "Three volumes are the correct thing; moreover, for three volumes the publisher can ask half a guinea, a large percentage of which is profit," etc. This would be news in Paternoster Row. It is customary, on the contrary, to publish English three-volume novels which are issued by the best houses at thirty-one shillings and sixpence sterling; that is to say, at a guinea and a half. Sampson Low & Co. innovate upon prescription so far as to put their three-volume novels at twenty-four shillings; but theirs is not the general rule. Moreover, novels are sometimes published in London in two volumes and sometimes in one; and some authors, among whom are Dickens, Ainsworth, and others, have recently tried the experiment—with considerable success—of publishing their stories from week to week in the shape of illustrated serials.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS have just published three little illustrated books which do honor to themselves as well as to the American poets whose works have been laid under contribution. The first is Mr. Longfellow, whose pleasant idyllic poem of *Evangeline* has been illustrated by Mr. Darley in his usual facile and graceful style; the second Mr. Whittier, whose *Maud Muller* has found a fit and faithful artist in Mr. Hennessy; the third Mr. Lowell, whose medieval fantasy of *Sir Launfal* has fallen into the hands of Mr. Eytinge, who has improved vastly since we had the pleasure of seeing him last. Not to make comparisons between these gentlemen, which would be odorous, as Mrs. Malaprop has taught us, we may say that the designs of Mr. Darley show the most skill, Mr. Hennessy's the most conscientiousness, while Mr. Eytinge's are undoubtedly the prettiest of all. Of the poems which they have illustrated we are not called upon to express an opinion, since each has made its mark in American literature, and has found thousands of readers and admirers. So far, these dainty little volumes are the finest, in an illustrated sense, that the present year has produced.

MR. G. W. CARLETON has lately published a small quarto of drawings by himself, under the title of *Our Artist in Peru*. Several of them are clever, but as a whole they are not so amusing as we should have expected from the opportunities which the subject must have offered for caricature. That they are expected to be popular, we gather from the fly-leaf of the volume, where two new works of the same nature are announced as in preparation, *Our Artist in Italy* and *Our Artist in France*. As Mr. Carleton, unlike Warren, of the blacking reputation, does not "keep a poet," we venture to correct his motto, which instead of reading, "Let observation, with expansive view," etc., should read "Let observation, with extensive view." At any rate, it was so written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and other not very poetical productions.

#### FOREIGN.

THE English journals are reviewing Mr. Swinburne's defense of his *Poems and Ballads* in a much more temperate and reasonable spirit than they have hitherto displayed towards him. "There are, indeed, poems in it," says *The Spectator*, "on subjects far from pleasant, or morally beautiful, which, at all events, if taken alone are not justly liable to censure. Shakespeare's Cleopatra is not more morally fascinating than Shylock or Lady Macbeth, but she is as legitimate a theme for a great imagination to paint, and no pure mind was ever tainted by the painting." "We do not know why it is not just as much the work of a poet to paint such forms of evil as those other forms which are always the subjects of tragedy—the treacherous ambition which impels to murder, or the twin passions of avarice or revenge." This admission, which seems to us an important one, is soon forgotten or overruled by the critic, who immediately proceeds to decide the case against the offending volume. *The Athenæum* takes up the matter in its usual Pecksniffian style. *The Reader* quotes largely from the pamphlet, and leaves it to its readers to decide for or against the poet, as his arguments may determine their minds.

PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE has just published four bulky volumes, entitled *Homer and the Iliad*, two of which are taken up with his version of that noble old epic. In his first volume he goes over the translators who have preceded him, and, like Sir John Herschel, has a good word to say for Pope. Unlike Sir John, however, he has no fancy for hexameters and no admiration for *Evangeline*, declaring that such a "great innovation in the hereditary laws of English poetry should have proceeded from the democratic Americans, always, like the an-

cient Athenians, itching for something new, and that it certainly will not recommend this experiment to any sound-minded English writer." Considering that hexameters were written, or attempted to be written, in England when America was little but a howling wilderness, this statement is as cool, to say the least, as the inference that the late Arthur Hugh Clough, Mr. Charles Kingsley, Mr. Matthew Arnold, the late Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton, Sir John Herschel, and others who might be named, are not "sound-minded" because they have dared to write hexameters. Professor Blackie does not shine as a critic upon the performance of others, whatever may be his qualifications as a Grecian. For his own version, which may be roughly described as in ballad measure, we judge it to be excellent, from the few extracts that we have seen. The third book opens in this spirited fashion:

"Now, when the captains and the men for fight well marshaled stood,  
With clang and din, like trooping birds, the Trojan multitude  
Rushed to the fray; with clangor loud, even as the banded cranes  
That shun the wintry tempest, and the black down-sweeping rains,  
And fly to ocean's distant flood, on swift air-cleaving wing,  
And to the small Pigeon men death and destruction bring,  
And wake the fight with grim delight, when the morning mist is gray:  
But, breathing silent strength, the Greeks their steady lines display;  
Brother for brother sworn to die, they march to the crimson fray."

The description of Achilles sneering over the dead Lycaon is thus rendered:

"Then by the foot he dragged the dead, and flung him in the river,  
And, standing grim on the water's brim, these words did thus deliver:  
There make thy bed, O Prince, and let the careless feasters there,  
The fishes, lick thy blood! for thee no mother dear prepare,  
With shrill-voiced wail, the decent bier! but thou shalt blindly wander  
Down to the dark broad-bosomed sea, in the swirl of the strong Scamander!  
There some strong fish from the depths of the brine to the dark wave's wrinking face  
Shall leap, and daintily there shall dine on a Prince of the Trojan race!  
So perish, thou, and all thy crew, till the day when the heavenly powers  
Give sacred Troy into our hands, and I shall raze its towers."

"Twelve years of labor," says *The Reader*, "are well spent on such a poem as this—for a true poem it undoubtedly is—and, what is more, it is Homer."

THE Rev. S. Baring-Gould demolishes quite a number of traditions and superstitions in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*—among others, the Wandering Jew, the Seven Sleepers, Pope Joan, the Mountain of Venus, the Dog Gellert, and William Tell. He is not the first, however, to show the unsubstantial character of the hero of Swiss legend, the Germans having been beforehand with him, finding, as he does, the myth of the skillful archer among many different peoples. The dog Gellert, who was said to have been slain by his master under the supposition that he had killed his child, when in reality he had saved his life by slaying the wolf that would have destroyed him, was not of Welsh breed, as the English poets have made him, but native to Hindustan, his history having been told in Sanskrit centuries ago, when the first Welshman, like the noble savage that he was, was running wild in the woods. The legend of the Man in the Moon, which is generally supposed to have been founded on the story of the impious Jew of olden time who was stoned to death outside the camp for gathering sticks on the Sabbath, is found everywhere, no two versions exactly agreeing with each other. In the folk-lore of Scandinavia, Mani, the moon, steals two children, Hjiuki and Bil, whose shadows are still seen on the surface of the moon. They are, Mr. Gould thinks, the hero and heroine of the old nursery rhyme—

"Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after."

*The Athenæum* speaks highly of Mr. Henry C. Lea's *Superstition and Force*, which it pronounces a volume of extraordinary research. "As a work of curious inquiry," it says, "on certain outlying points of obsolete law, *Superstition and Force* is one of the most remarkable books that we have ever met with." "It is well," the writer continues in another place, "that such a book has been written, for it reminds us, in the pride of our civilization, of the depths of horror to which man—even after an age of high cultivation, and with the light of Christianity to guide him—may from his own inherent weakness and perversity descend. It reminds us also how great is the blessing of governmental and judicial strength, which relieves us from the necessity of deciding disputes by

haphazard experiments in which the guilty may triumph and the innocent may perish."

*The Athenæum*, which was never noted for its genial treatment of American books, is severe on Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, *apropos* to his novel, *Doctor Johns*, which has just been republished in England. "The author," it remarks, "has clearly been at great pains to produce the story here submitted to courteous readers; but something besides honest endeavor is required for the task which he has undertaken. In *Doctor Johns*, plot, humor, dialogue, portraiture, incident, are all conspicuous by their absence. What more, then, can we say in behalf of the writer than that he has done his best? What less can we do for the reader than urge him not to waste time and lose temper over a book from which neither amusement nor profit of any kind can be derived?" We commend this bit of just and genial criticism to the consideration of the American authors who dined and dined Mr. Hepworth Dixon a few weeks since in Philadelphia.

A NOTABLE collection of the dialect poetry of England has lately been published at Edinburgh and Carlisle, and is about to be published here by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, under the title of *The Ballads and Songs of Cumberland*. The editor of this collection, Mr. Sidney Gilpin, has performed his task *con amore*, giving us the best productions of some ten or twelve of the Cumberland poets, besides brief sketches of their lives, notes, and a glossary of obscure and unusual words. Beginning with the Rev. Joseph Relph, whose memoir was written by Southey in his *Later English Poets*, he passes to Susannah Blamire and Catharine Gilpin, the former of whom was by far the best of the Cumberland songsters—then to Evan Clark, John Stagg, Mark Lonsdale, Robert Anderson, John Rayson, John Woodcock Graves, William Wordsworth, the author of *Joe and the Geologist*, and the writers, known and unknown, of Cumberland songs and border songs. Mr. Gilpin's volume is a store-house of good things to those who can appreciate simplicity and truth to nature, but the best portion of it, in our way of thinking, is that which is devoted to Miss Blamire, who was in many respects a remarkable woman. She wrote the touching song, *And ye shall walk in silk attire*, the authorship of which is sometimes called in question; and *What ails this Heart o' Mine*, which we copy below:

"What ails this heart o' mine?  
What ails this watery ee?  
What gars me a' turn cauld as death  
When I take leave o' thee?  
When thou art far awa'  
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;  
But change o' place and change o' folk  
May gar thy fancy jee.  
"When I gae out at e'en,  
Or walk at morning air,  
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say  
I us'd to meet thee there.  
Then I'll sit down and cry,  
And live aneath the tree,  
And when a leaf fa's in my lap,  
I'll ca't a word frae thee."  
"I'll hie me to the bower  
That thou w' roses tied,  
And where, w' many a blushing bud,  
I strove myself to hide.  
I'll doat on ilka spot  
Where I hae been w' thee,  
And call to mind some kindly word  
By ilka burn and tree.  
"Wi' sic thoughts I'm my mind,  
Time through the world may gae,  
And find my heart in twenty years  
The same as 'tis to-day.  
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,  
And keep friends i' the ee;  
And gin I think I see thee aye,  
What can part thee and me?"

THE Princess Amelia, the favorite daughter of George the Third, wrote verses; and there are, Thackeray says, some pretty, plaintive lines attributed to her which are more touching than better poetry. Here they are:

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
I laughed and danced, and talked and sung,  
And proud of health, of freedom vain,  
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain;  
Concluding, in those hours of glee,  
That all the world was made for me.  
"But when the hour of trial came,  
When sickness shook this trembling frame,  
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,  
And I could sing and dance no more,  
It then occurred, how sad 't would be,  
Were this world only made for me."

MR. I. HENEGE JESSE opens his *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of King George the Third* with the death of Frederick, the Prince of Wales, whose virtues (which consisted chiefly of good temper and a fondness for the bottle) were embalmed by the scholars of Oxford and Cam-



bridge in learned and lofty poems, "composed in different meters, and written in no fewer than the English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Phœnician, Etruscan, Arabic, Syriac, and Welsh languages." His demise, and the feeling of the nation towards the royal family generally, were much better expressed in the following squib, the work of that prolific poet Anonymous:

"Here lies Fred,  
Who was alive, and is dead.  
Had it been his father,  
I had much rather.  
Had it been his brother,  
Still better than another.  
Had it been his sister,  
No one would have missed her.  
Had it been the whole generation,  
Still better for the nation.  
But since 'tis only Fred,  
Who was alive, and is dead,  
There 's no more to be said."

### PERSONAL.

MR. BANCROFT'S *History of the United States* is apparently not to the taste of *The Reader*, which quotes one or two of the historian's imaginative flights with the remark that it does not blame them unreservedly. "They add a zest to the narrative, and, if they suit the American taste, that alone, in a national work like this, must be a great recommendation." Precisely; but how if they do not suit the American taste, which we believe to be the case?

MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON, whose new volume of poems may be expected shortly, is passing a few days in this city.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER has withdrawn, or is about to withdraw, from *The Independent*. His sermons will be published hereafter, we believe, in *The Methodist*.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR is to write a series of articles for *The Atlantic Monthly*, under the title of *The By-ways of Europe*.

MR. GEORGE H. BOKER, of Philadelphia, has at last obtained admission into Mr. Dana's *Book of Household Poetry*.

MR. J. HAIN FRISWELL is said to be the author of *The Gentle Life; Variorum, or Readings from Rare Books*, and other works of the essay order.

THE REV. HARRY JONES, author of *The Regular Swiss Round*, has just published a volume of essays entitled *Priest and Parish*.

MR. FRANCIS FRANCIS is writing a work on every branch of angling practiced in Great Britain.

SIR JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE is busy upon a biography of the late Rev. John Keble, to be published during the ensuing season.

MR. TOM HOOD is to have a story in Cassell's *Christmas Annual* for the present year. He is also the editor of Cassell's *Illustrated Penny Readings*.

MR. F. C. BURNAND, the writer of burlesques, contributes *Sir Dagobert and the Dragon*, a romantic extravaganza, to Beeton's *Christmas Annual*.

MR. W. H. G. KINGSTON, the writer of children's stories, has just published a new one, entitled *Washed Ashore, or the Tower of Stormount Bay*.

MR. MARMADUKE DOLMAN proposes to publish a series of the state papers of Queen Elizabeth, the selection to be made with a view to the clearing up of the ecclesiastical history as connected with the private history of the aristocracy of the Elizabethan period.

MRS. FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP, the daughter of the late Thomas Hood, is about to publish a volume of children's stories, under the title of *Wild Roses*.

MR. JAMES GREENWOOD, the Lambeth Casual, has just published *Legends of Savage Life*, a companion to his *Hatchet Throwers*, with comic illustrations by Ernest Griest, who is described in the publisher's advertisement as "the English Gustave Doré."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S last fiction, *Our Mutual Friend*, has been turned into a play by Mr. W. H. C. Nation, and produced at Astley's Theater, under the title of *The Golden Dustman*.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU refuses to bring out his new piece, *La Maison Neuve*, which was in preparation at the Vaudeville, on the ground that its plot and incidents have been revealed to the public by writers in *The Gazette des Etrangers* and *La Liberté*, who were allowed to be present at its rehearsals. The case has gone before a jury, the manager of the theater contesting M. Sardou's right to withdraw his play.

MR. J. M. LUDLOW is out with a long letter in *The Spectator*, the text being the Laureate's subscription to

the Eyre Defense Fund. He admits Mr. Tennyson's right to do as he pleases, but is very sorry that he has taken the stand he has. "That such a man as Mr. Tennyson," he concludes, "should countenance that appeal with his name is nothing short—to use the words of a friend who has just left me—of a public calamity."

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S drama, *The Frozen Deep*, has been revived at the Olympic Theater, London.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce *Charles Wesley, seen in his Finer and Less Familiar Poems*, edited by Frederick M. Bird; and *Lord Macaulay's Speeches and Poems, with the Reports and Notes on the Indian Penal Code*.

MR. M. W. DODD has in the press *The Brewer's Family*, by Mrs. Ellis; *The Brownings: a Tale of the Great Rebellion*, by J. G. Fuller; *The Faure Gospeller*, by the author of *Mary Powell*; *The Draytons and the Davenants: a Story of the Civil Wars*; and *Poems*, by the author of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family*.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE has in preparation *Essays on the Life and Character of William Blake, Artist and Poet*.

MR. WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETT will at once publish Swinburne's "*Poems and Ballads*": a Criticism.

MAJOR EGERTON LEIGH has nearly ready *Ballads and Legends of Cheshire*.

THE REV. F. D. MAURICE has in the press *The Commandments Considered as Instruments of National Reformation*.

THE SAVAGE CLUB will shortly publish an annual for the widow of the late Thomas Morten, the artist. It will contain contributions by Mr. James Hannay, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, Mr. Edmund Dacey, Mr. John Hollingshead, and Mr. Andrew Halliday, who is to edit the volume, besides one or more illustrations by M. Gustave Doré.

HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D., has nearly ready *Physiology and Pathology of the Mind*.

MR. H. M. HOZIER, the military correspondent of *The Times* with the Prussian army, announces *The Seven Weeks' War: its Antecedents and Incidents*.

MR. HENRY MARTIN has in the press *The Statesman's Year-Book for 1867*.

HERR FREYTAG, the German novelist, is about to publish a new work entitled *In the Middle Ages*.

SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE has in preparation *The Return of the Guards and Other Poems*.

THE REV. A. A. BONAR, of Edinburgh, will soon publish an enlarged edition of his *Poets and Poetry of Scotland, from James the First to the Present Time, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors*.

MISS E. C. BUNNETT, the well-known translator from the German, has in hand a version of Berthold Auerbach's last novel, *Auf der Höhe*.

CAPTAIN CRAWLEY, author of *The Billiard Book*, etc., is preparing a *Monogram on Cricket*.

THE HON. HUGH ROWLEY will soon issue *Puniana, or Thoughts Wise and Otherwise, an Entirely New Collection of Riddles and Puns*.

MR. ROUTLEDGE is about to publish his *Christmas Annual for 1867*, which will contain papers by Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards, Mr. Stirling Coyne, Mr. Andrew Halliday, Mr. Thomas Miller, Mr. J. Hain Friswell, and Mr. F. C. Burnand.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA announces a new work under the title of *From Waterloo to the Peninsula*.

MR. WILLIAM ANSELL DAY has in preparation a volume entitled *The Russian Government in Poland; with a Narrative of the Polish Insurrection of 1863*.

MR. M. A. DONNE has in press a volume entitled *The Sandwich Islands*.

MR. HENRY HARK, librarian to the Sacred Harmonic Society, has in preparation *Christmas Carols: an Entirely New Gathering of Ancient and Modern, including several never before given in any Collection*.

MRS. HENRY WOOD is engaged upon a story of school life, entitled *The Orrell College Boys*.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN is about to publish *Ballad Stories of the Affections*.

MR. THOMAS MILLER has in press a work entitled *My Father's Garden*.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY has edited and will shortly publish *A Thousand and One Gems of British Poetry*.

MR. J. G. BERTRAM, author of *The Harvest of the Sea*,

will shortly publish a new work entitled *Curiosities of Flagellation*.

PROF. HENRY MORLEY announces a volume of *Fairy Tales*.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you inform me whether the present occupant of the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's* is its quondam one—the lotus-eating Howadji? I say quondam, because my impression is that Curtis was once the chair's motive-power.

Also, can you give any adequate reason why no volume has been compiled from the shrewd discussions of social, art, etc., and personal questions which have enlivened this same portion of the *Monthly*? Both the thought employed, often on such topics as preserve a uniform interest, and the free and facile English in which it is couched, seem worthy of whatever antiseptic power resides in binding. I am one, I think, of a large number who would rejoice to see the "Easy Chair" newly upholstered.

C. T. F. S.

CATSKILL, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1866.

Mr. Curtis, we believe, is still the occupant of the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Monthly*. Why his performances therein have not been collected, we have no means of knowing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: It is a fact that perhaps has escaped the notice of most critics that the new edition of Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* does not contain the second word of its title, *Unabridged*, or its verb *unabridge*, does not appear in the work, and I make the statement as worthy of notice. Of course, the venerable Noah is not responsible for this defect, for the title of his work was *An American Dictionary of the English Language*, but I think it should have arrested the attention of editors or publishers ere this.

Very truly,

CURTIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Who is the author of these lines?

"Joys that we've tasted may sometimes return;  
But the torch when once wasted, ah! how can it burn?  
Friends have been scattered like roses in bloom—  
Some at the bridal, some at the tomb."

I thought they were by Tom Moore, but I do not find them in any edition of his poems, though I have examined several. The song in which they occur is familiar to almost every one.

Yours, etc.,

OCCASIONAL.

MACON, GA., Nov. 9, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: More than a half century ago, while a youth in my father's store, I read in a periodical a poetical effusion beginning thus:

"The sun just sinking shed a sickly ray  
That palely glimmer'd o'er the dark'ning west,  
When Henry, faint amid his way'ring way,  
Stopt, listless stopt, his feeble limbs to rest.  
Beneath a leafless tree he sat him down  
On the bare margin of a parched-up brook,  
And many a glance his pale eye cast around  
And heavenward gazed with many a wishful look."

This is all I remember, and I may not have recited these verses accurately. I have often wished to know where I could find the whole piece and who is the author. If an answer cannot be had through your weekly, I shall probably never learn. Will you oblige me in this?

T. M.

DUBUQUE, November 1, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Observing by your paper of Nov. 3d that Mr. Norton, of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library, is about publishing a curious manuscript on the post-roads and post-offices of the American Colonies, in 1773 and 1774, by Hugh Finlay, I will remark that this Hugh Finlay was appointed Deputy Postmaster General to succeed Benjamin Franklin, in 1774. May not this "survey" have been induced by the known animus felt by influential persons in the government of Great Britain against Franklin, and which eventually deposed him? Finlay's name appears in *Sabine's American Loyalists*. Why does not Mr. Norton add notes to his book, and elucidate this point?

MAXWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Will some of your readers inform me who is the author of, and where I may find, a poem published some twenty-five years ago in *The New York Dispatch* or *Double Brother Jonathan*, in New York city, describing a couple of gentlemen who took a walk in a wood, and

"Sat down by a sugar hog'shead,  
To talk of this and that;"

which said hog'shead was afterward inverted over a tiger, whose tail being caught through the "bung-hole" was knotted, and Sir Tiger carried the cage to his den. The poem was profusely illustrated.

D. H. I.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 5, 1866.

We believe the poem and illustrations are in Burton's *Encyclopedia of Wit and Humor*, published, we think, by D. Appleton & Co.

### THE ROUND TABLE.

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